



LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY
OF ILLINOIS

823
St 46 h
v. 2

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2010 with funding from
University of Illinois Urbana-Champaign



THE
H I S T O R Y
O F
T O M F O O L

More know TOM FOOL, than TOM FOOL knows.

V O L. II.



L O N D O N :

Printed for T. WALLER, opposite Fetter-
Lane, Fleet-Street.

M D C C L X.

823

St467

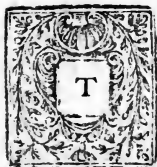
V.2





THE
HISTORY
OF
TOM FOOL.

CHAP. I.



THE Report of young *Fool's* Marriage spread like a new Fashion. Curiosity brought several of the neighbouring Gentry to stare at the Wretch, Lady *Greensy* had thrown herself away upon.

Sir *Martin Fullmatt* very wisely observ'd (as he and his Family were travelling to pay the Wedding Visit) that
VOL. II. B there

there was something very dark in this Match. But Matrimony, tho' it may make the Husband dim-sighted, always opens the Wife's Eyes: Therefore Lady *Ferd* declared, she cou'd see the Scheme as plain as Noon-day; but must beg to be excused from saying any more yet,—it was Time enough,—let the longest Liver take Broom Field.

Sir Martin.

Right, my Dear, leave it to Time,—that's my Way; and I may say without Vanity, in all the Affairs of Consequence, that have been on the Carpet for 48 Years, I never once have been mistaken,—I have always left them to Time.

Lady.

I wish Sir *Martin* you wou'd not put one in Mind of Time so;—you know it vapours me, and therefore chuse to do it.—Lord, if *Greenfy's* Husband shou'd dare——

Sir Martin.

How Madam, am I?

Lady.

Patience, dear Sir *Martin*, I'm not going to make any Comparisons: As to the Fright she has married, he must be some odd Mortal, a strange Animal to be sure. But her Ladyship alter'd her
Opinion

Opinion before she had been half an Hour in Mr. *Fool's* Company. The Moment he went out of the Room, she address'd his Lady with ;—by my Soul, *Bella*, I doat upon your Choice : Let me dye, my dear Creature, if I don't honour your Taste ; the young Gentleman is immensely agreeable, and it must be vastly odd indeed, if you ar'nt vastly happy.

Lady *Fool*.

Indeed, Lady *Ferd*, I have no Reason to complain — as to the Censures of the Word——

Lady *Ferd*.

Well, now, that's vastly high indeed ; What have People of Fashion to do with the World ; the vulgar Part of it I mean : Women of Quality are not to be called to Account for what they do, so they have nothing to answer for.

Yeung *Fullmatt*, Sir *Martin's* eldest, swore he wou'dn't give a Fox's Brush for all that the World said of him, one way or t'other ; but yet, if he sat in the House, as his Father did, he'd muzzle the Mob's Mouths tho'—they shou'dn't babble about what their Betters did. — He wish'd he was Whipper-in to'um, that's all.

Sir Martin.

Child, the Observations made by Inferiors are extrajudicial, and politically——

Lady Ferd.

Dear *Sir Martin*, for Heaven's Sake, no Politics, nor no Parties.

Miss.

Dear Meem, that's true, I kent bear any Party, but one at Kedrill, and I beg we may have a Pool; won't that agreeable Creater your Spouse, my Lady, make one with us?

Lady Fool.

Mr. *Fool*, Ladies, never plays at Cards.

Lady Ferd.

My God!—How do you do to kill Time then, when you don't see Company? I am sure, *Sir Martin* and I shou'd be the two dullest Creatures existing, if it wa'ant for Cards,—for he's so apt to doze after Dinner; and I detest Reading.

Young Fullmatt.

I hope my Lady, with your Leave, to have the Honour of introducing Mr. *Fool* to our Sporting Club.

Lady Fool.

I am oblig'd to you Sir; but I have heard him say, he is not fond of Horse-racing.

reading. Indeed I believe his chiefest
Diversiſion is Books.

Young *Fullmatt*.

Books, Books a Diversiſion! I'm ſure
I didn't think them ſo, while I was at
um. They are well enough indeed for
Parſons, or thoſe that deal in um; but
for a Man of Faſhion to read;—bar that
throw, however; — let his Chaplain;
What has he got elſe to do?—But for
Gentlemen to throw away their Time
upon ſuch Nonſenſe!—I'd as ſoon go of
my own Meſſages.—Now here's a Dog
my Lady, better than e'er a Library in
Europe.

Miſs.

Lord, now ſhall we be ſtunn'd with a
Fox Chace, I ſuppoſe.

Young *Fullmatt*.

That's as good as a Fool's Chace, I
ſuppoſe.—My Siſter's never eaſy, with-
out ſhe has half a ſcore Couple of Beaux
yelping about her.—Lady *Fool*, to pre-
vent any farther Altercation, had the
Card-tables brought in immediately.
Upon which all the good Company came
to Order.

C H A P. II.

PAST Four o'Clock, and a Moonlight Morning ; the Company broke up ; and with the Reader's Leave, as indeed it is but Good-manners, we'll see Sir *Fullmatt's* Family safe Home.

Sir *Martin*, as he hobbled into the Hall, began by certain shooting Symptoms, to expect a severe Attack in both Feet, therefore order'd his Bed to be warm'd immediately : Upon which, his Lady cou'd not help observing, she thought it was vastly odd, that ever since Sir *Martin's* Gout had made them lye in separate Apartments, he was always hurrying to Bed. But I insist Sir *Martin* before you do go, you shall let me know your Opinion of *Greenfy's* Choice. For my Part, tho' I detest Scandal, I wonder what some Women are made of, to brazen it out as she does : Well, for Effrontery, she indeed does exceed any thing I ever saw.—As to her Husband, as she calls him ;—my God !—I'm sick of Wedlock.—The Fellow is really personal enough ;—but her telling us he was a Gentleman,

Gentleman,—I shall never love Gentility again.

Sir Martin.

It is to me a Matter of much Wonder.

Lady Ferd.

Nay, my Dear, why shou'd you wonder at what some of our Sex will do?—Why now you saw fine Miss *Relt* To-day:—She's with Child by the Butler.

Miss.

Now that to me is amazing; if a Lady did fall, her Pride shou'd not;—methinks her own Spirit wou'd hinder her from sinking. If I did intrigue, it shou'd be with somebody of Family however.—That's what I blame my Brother for; to take up with such a coarse Creature as our House-maid *Bett* is;—I wonder how he can touch her filthy Flesh.

Young *Fullmatt* was nettled, to be reproach'd for his Indelicacy of Taste; and replied to his Sister, rather too tartly. She return'd it; the Parents join'd in the Dispute, and the Quarrel might have been attended with bad Consequences, had not the Delinquent Mrs. *Betty* been call'd for; and as soon as she enter'd, my Lady order'd her out of Doors; vow-

ing, she wou'd not sleep under the same Roof with a Strumpet.

The rest of the Family then prepared for Bed, all but young *Fullmatt*; he was resolv'd to keep *Betty* Company, in the Hall Porch, till Day-light.

After he had every way endeavour'd to pacify the Maid; swearing the Loss of her Place shou'd be no Loss to her.—The Girl interrupted him, sobbing— that's not it Squire, thank God I don't fear to get my Living; but to be call'd Whore so:—I durfn't say any thing before your Father, or else it was at my Tongue's End, when Madam call'd me Strumpet so, and spit in my Face: I cou'd have told her, ay, and Miss too; if I am one, I a'ant the only one in the Family, no that I a'ant, for all she's your Sister.

Young *Fullmatt*'s Curiosity was rais'd; he press'd the Girl very seriously to explain herself; and whether it was owing to Revenge, or Remorse, or Friendship, every Operation of Female Dispositions has not yet been mathematically ascertain'd; but she led him (like *Guy Fox*, with a dark Lanthorn in his Hand) into that Part of the House, which was thought by most of the Family to be haunted.

haunted. There lay his Mama along with the Gardener : And as fast asleep, in an adjoining Room, the Bed-cloaths all toss'd off, out-spread was Miss *Fullmatt*, and his Honour's Postillion.

For some Moments the Esquire stood astound, he rubb'd his Eyes, look'd on his Sister, stared at the Maid : Then treading softly on Tip-toe, he took away his Mother's, Sister's, and their Gallants Apparel ; but left his own Coat in the Lad's Room : Then fastening all the other Out-lets, he placed a Light at the Top of an Entry, leading down into the Hall, from their Chambers, and stood under the Windows, calling out, Fire, Fire.

This alarm'd the Lovers ;—— they started out of Bed ; scrambled for their Cloaths ; seized the first Things that came to Hand ;—and Helter-skelter, Slipshod, they came tumbling into the Hall together.

Young *Fullmatt* stood there in the Dark, like a decoy Bird. But when, by their Voices, he found himself sure of his Prey, he call'd *Bett* to bring Candles.

The first Figure the Light discover'd was Miss *Fullmatt*, with a Horse's Hood on; the Postillion in her Brother's laced Frock; Lady *Ferd*, with the Gardener's Apron about her Shoulders; the Gardener wrapp'd in a Silk Petticoat; the Esquire in a Livery Jacket; and *Betty* in her Ladyship's Negligee.

How they star'd at the Maid,——or how young *Fullmatt* look'd at them, is now impossible to describe: For just as their Portraits were going to be colour'd; while Shame, Sorrow, and sundry other Passions, alternate flush'd in their Faces, a Footman, whom the Noise of Fire had waked, and who to save his Linnen always lay in Buff, bolted naked upon them.—Such a Sight, sent the Women shrieking away; the Esquire turn'd the Fellow to Bed again; bid *Bett* see the Ladies safe to their own Rooms, and went up Stairs to quiet the Baronet, who lay roaring and swearing in a Fit of the Gout, he shou'd be burn'd in his Bed.

Next Morning the Gardener and Lad were discharg'd; and the Maid, who but the Night before was not suffer'd to sleep in the House, took Place of all her
Fellow

fellow Servants, by the Title of my Lady's Woman.

When Sir *Martin* heard of this, he cou'd not account for it.—But as my Lady permitted him to know only as much as she thought proper of domestic Occurrences, he satisfied himself with remarking,—that there are sudden Changes in private Families, as well as Kingdoms, beyond the Ken of keenest Politicians.

C H A P III.

AMONG the many well-dress'd Visitants, Mr. *Fool*, on the Account of his Marriage, had the Honour of being Gentleman Usher to, one Lady (as he offer'd her his Hand) with a Sigh, tenderly looking at him in a plaintive Tone, whispered: What, Mr. *Fool*, have you forgot me? *Tom* blush'd, bowed, his Heart beat quick; with down-cast Look, he reply'd, No, Madam, nor ever shall I, and trembling, he led her into the Parlour.

The Reader may suppose this Lady to be Miss *Fash*; it was indeed—the late Miss *Fash*: She had given her Hand to the Right Honourable Lord *Pillow*:—For Lady Dowager—but to preserve the Unity of our Drama, we must beg Leave to return, To the

History of Patchwork.

In the Conclusion of the Chapter of Ghosts, Mr. *Israel* wrapp'd up in the Roquelaure, barefooted limp'd to his Lodgings; Miss *Mask* took Post Chaise that Evening for *London*; Esquire *Singleten* went to the Christopher's to drink
away

away his Misfortunes, and *Junior* and *Matilda* faunter'd to her Sister's

Batilda and her *Dutch* Merchant, in three or four Days, set out for *London*; and Miss *Demirep* with them, unlover'd. Such an universal Dissipation then reign'd at *Bath*, that a Lady of her Figure, Elegance, Wit, and strong Sensations, was neglected, for the more fascinating Exercise of the E O Table.

Junior and *Matilda*, who grew remarkably intimate, staid at *Bath*, and Esquire *Singleton* with them. This last-mentioned Gentleman made strong Professions of Friendship to *Junior*; and behind his Back was as eager in his Protestations of Love to *Matilda*; nay, the Esquire proffer'd to make her a very handsome Settlement. This she told *Junior*, who advised her by all Means to accept of the Conditions; for, as he observed, Constancy was no Money-getting Virtue, Pleasure she might keep always in waiting—but 300 l. a Year was not an every Day Visitor. As he spoke like a Man of Sense, and one who knew the World, and the best Way to live in it, she was ruled by him. Therefore, with her Consent, he borrowed for his own Use 500 Pieces of the Esquire; then, like
a Man

a Man of Honour, put the Lady into the Lender's Hands as a Security.

With that Sum *Junior* intending to strike a bold Stroke, set up an Equipage; and as it was Taste then, to be waited on by foreign Servants, he hired a *Swiss*, or *Frenchman* (its all the same in the *Greek*) for his Valet. *Junior* called him a *Swiss*; indeed as *England* was then at War with *France*, he would not be thought so Anti-Antigallican, as to cherish an Enemy; differently thought his Servant, he knew himself to be a Subject, and Slave of the Grand Monarch; that it was his Duty to make Reprisals upon his King's Enemies; taking the Advantage of his Master's coming Home late one Evening, and very much in Liquor, he plunder'd him of all his Cash, Watch, Ring, &c. and with the Dexterity common to that Nation, eluded his Pursuers. This Misfortune threw *Junior* into Prison, where he met with *Tom Fool*, as related in the first Part, as Reference being had thereto, will more fully appear.

C H A P. - IV.

BY the Help of his faithful *Amy*, he gain'd his Liberty; but ingratul-ly contracted an Acquaintance with a *Dutch Jewess*, who formerly had been a celebrated Woman of the Town, but of late Years, hawk'd Trinkets about at Coffee-houses. With this *Hebrew Lady* he sat forwards for *Turnbridge*; but as at the first Baiting-place, he met with a Person it much behoved him to acknowledge, we beg Leave to journalize the Particulars.

One of the Guests being rather too prolix, in saying Grace after Dinner, was question'd by another of the Company; —If he didn't think the Meat would digest as well without so much Ceremony? Hoot, Hoot, ye tawk Blosphomy mon;—*replied the Preacher*; and, snatching down his Hat, stroaked his Hair up behind his Ears, and muttering some Words to himself, hurried out of the Room.

A Gentlewoman in a Vellum-holed Habit, (formerly new) observed (after taking a large Pinch of Snuff) that there ought to be a Distinction made between the Sinful and the Needful. But as this

is

is the Lady we have given the Reader the Trouble to halt for, whoever thou art, O patient Peruser of this Performance,—behold her Picture, as she sat to *Junior*; and which we beg all Face-painters to take Notice of, both Pen, and Pencil Men.

Her Countenance had not lost all its original Brightness; for her Forehead and Nose were abundantly enrich'd with purple-colour'd Pimples. The Lillies of her Neck were fallow'd, by the immoderate Use of Snuff-taking; and the Roses of her Cheeks, crack'd, crimson'd, and peel'd, by the fiery Exhalations of Juniper. Her Teeth, like the remaining Pillars at *Persopolis*, stood irregularly, and seem'd decaying. The Alabaster Hue was sably sullied, as if in Mourning for their departed Neighbours. She wore, by way of Tete, a bob Wig, once Brown; but, by long Use, was tann'd into a dingy Red. From underneath which, some straggling grey Hairs hung down her Temples, like Icicles in dirty Thatch.

After recovering her Hand from her Snuff-box, she very emphatically insisted; that whatever is, is right; because it was to be; for Predestination, as she observed, was one of the Cardinal Virtues.

Landlady.

Landlady.

Indeed, Madam, and so I have often told my Husband, it was to be ; for Women are sometimes drove to do such Things, they can no more account for, than why our Beer is fine sometimes, and sometimes muddy.

Doctor's Spouse.

In our Sex, Madam, there is an Agitation of the Senses, which compels us to commit some Things, for which indeed we were pre-ordain'd.

Inn-keeper.

But, Madam, suppose I find a Man in Bed with my Wife, is that ordain'd too ? I've heard Marriages were made in Heaven ; but I don't believe Whore and Rogue were.

Doctor's Spouse.

The Crime, Sir, should never be laid at the Lady's Door ; for, as *Mat. Prior* says ;

If Women chance to go astray,
Their Stars are more in Fault than
they.

The

The Landlady clapp'd her Hands together, and cry'd out—so they are to be sure, Madam.—An't please the Lord, I'll drink the Gentleman's Health that said so: Pray, Ma'am, wa'ant he a Bishop?—a Bishop—no, he was too good for one of that Sort.—Their spiritual Court will punish a poor Girl, when a Rogue gets her with Child; tho', as you say, Madam, she was ordained to it.

Mr. *Pattern*, the Rider, thrusting the Points of the Fork (he had employed as a Pick-tooth) into the Table, observed, that there was so much about Bishops, and Religion, now-a-days, the Nation's sick on't.

Doctor.

But, if they wou'd take my Antipendicular Catoptric Syphilicon Elixir, it would bring Great Britain right again.

Pattern.

The Nation was never so near being undone as now, nor becoming a Province to *France* neither.—*English* Liberty! Yes faith, fine *English* Liberty, indeed; here they have put down Masquerades, without having an Act of Parliament for it; and here's a new Tax upon Cards, and they talk of Dogs paying Duty to. I have a Couple of Pointers, and a Leash of Greyhounds, that
always

always in the Season go my Rounds with me; now let me see any Body make me pay Excise for 'um; that's all,—any single Man.—Damme, if it was *Jack Broughton*, if I woudn't.—A sudden Outcry prevented him from finishing his Harangue; he sat with Mouth open, and Eyes fix'd, and aghast; the crowing of a Cock will terrify a Lion.

Junior run up the Stairs to the Place from whence the Noise issued, and the Women followed him.

The Doctor, Rider, and Landlord, kept their Seats—the Inn-keeper, indeed, once said, he wou'd go up to take care of his Wife—but the other two observing, he was hang'd who left his Liquor behind him, the Motion was over-ruled.

Junior, on bursting open the Chamber-Door, discover'd the Cook-maid bare-headed; her dishevell'd Locks bristling about her Ears; in one Hand she grasp'd a pewter Chamber-pot, and in the other waved a Piece of Linnen, which seem'd to be Part of a Shirt Sleeve; under the Bed lay the Long-winded-grace-sayer, like a large Turtle; his Hands and Head only to be seen.

The Landlady sharply enquired into this Confusion; the Girl, with much blubbering,

blubbering, declared it was all upon Account of that *Scotch* Dog: For that, as how, upon her Honour, he wou'd have ravished her: Had not *Junior* took the Delinquent's Part, they wou'd have pulled the poor Pedlar to Pieces—but they were at last prevail'd on to retire; which they did along with the Cook-wench, to hear every minute Circumstance of the intended Rape.

After Mr. *Macdugle* was enough recovered to return Mr. *Junior* Thanks, thus he delivered himself. As I have a Sol tull be saved, Ise tall ye the hale Truth, gued Sir. Sawton got Possession o'me this Afternoon, for ye ken unco-weel, Sir, how he gangs aboot, like a roaring Lion: And I stud in his Wa. Don na ye remamber how that wacked Loon, like Tyke, tawked Blosphomy, aboot Prayer and Grace. Oh tis aw oer wi us, when Grace gangs oot on us. Weel, weel Sir, I gang'd my Gate, and and speerd my Prayer-buke. Than as Beelzabub wood ha it, this Katchen Whore stepped intull my Room, to clap her Cap on her Hede.—Sawton as I tald ye before was a'er strong in me,—and mad me hold a parle wi her;—wo worth the Time tho'. Yet ken me right, twas no Art, nor Part of mine ane, 'twas
aw

aw the Deel's doing himsel; he gang'd intull me, as he yance did, intull the wee-porkers, when the Swene were sank in the Sea, as the Gospull talls us. Than, Sir, I gi her a braw Silk Hankercher, sike like this, to ha my Wull on her, and the Watch wud na lat me lig her down; she gat my Gueds, and wud na gi me a Baw-bee for um; and as I tuke a hantle o'her Hair in my Fift; she seiz'd my Sark wi yae Hond, and wi tither, clitter clatter'd o're my Hede, wi the mamber Mugg, as if she war the Deel's Drummer.

On that Instant the tarnish'd Jacket Lady enter'd, and reproach'd the *North Britain* with Indelicacy, for attempting to force the Wench. For, Sir (turning to *Junior*) Women are not to be ravish'd, we are free Agents, and Compulsion is incompatible with our Passions. We may be won; for, as the Duke of *Marlborough*, (who was a Relation of mine) used to say, if a Town is open at Top, it may be taken.—So may our Sex; we are open—we are to be taken. But, Sir, I should be pleas'd, if you'd retire with me, from this Scene of Confusion; for as I hear your Name is *Junior*, there is something in that Name which alarms my Soul. They withdrew, and after
interchanging

interchanging a few Questions, she discover'd herself, to be the identical Lady *Senior*, secreted among the Gipsies.

If *Junior* was pleased at finding his Parent, the Lady was no less rejoiced at meeting her Son. The whole House was rejoiced, and the Evening concluded with that exquisite Essential to *English* Happiness, a General Drinking Rout.

CHAP.

C H A P. V.

NEXT Day, after *Junior* had inform'd his Mother of the material Incidents he had been engaged in, she, in return, began her Story as follows.

To have you torn from my Arms, to be brought up as a Gipsy, shock'd me so essentially, I resolv'd to quit the horrid Crew. I found an Assylum at an elderly Gentleman's, a Batchelor, his Name was *Sear*, he had made a great Figure formerly in the *Beau Monde*; and had enjoyed, as he often told me himself, all the fine Women of his Age; for he was a vast Wit, and it was not then, as it is now, impossible for a Man to be a Wit, and a fine Gentleman together. He had been a perfect Hero in his Time; he kept the very best Company, spent two great Estates, and was the Terror of all the *London* Watchmen. His Courage and Generosity were immense; and such a Spirit,—my God—why he'd make nothing of betting 500 l. at a Horse-race; but such is the Fate of all sublunary Beings; he, who used to keep three or four Coaches and Six, had now only a Foot-walk to keep him; for when I began my Connection with him, he

he was only an Exciseman; but, like *Desdemona*, I lov'd him for the Dangers he had passed.

I was indeed younger than I am now; but I had not acquired that Ease of Figure I at present enjoy. Yet it seems, the Infancy of my Bloom made an Impression on his Heart. In this Cohabitation I existed about half a Year; and, by way of Amusement, I instructed an elderly Lady's Foot-boy (in whom I discover'd a vast Genius) to write and read.

Mr. *Sear*, my Spouse, having Notice that his Friend and Patron, the Collector, wou'd be down in a Day or two, inform'd me of it. I was therefore more than ordinary assiduous about my Appearance, when I knew so great a Man as the Collector was to wait upon us; for modern Examples, as well as antient History, had inform'd me, a handsome Wife was a Husband's Sheet-Anchor; therefore, for my Spouse's Sake, I practis'd all my Attractions. But I had been given up before-hand——for the Lad, whom, I observ'd to you, I took under Instructions, disclosed a horrid Plot to me; it seems my present Incumbent had agreed to part with me, provided the Collector liked me; this Proviso shock'd me; I was determin'd to disappoint them:

them :—Was I not born free ? And shou'd I be traffick'd for ? Nay, left to a Wretch's Option ? No.—Had this Gentleman, or any other Gentleman, in a polite Way, made himself Master of my Honour ; either by surprizing me from a Morning's Dream, or stealing on me in an Evening's Solitude, it was to be forgiven : But to be offer'd like dead Game, as a Gift ; nay, to have the Chance of a Negative :—No——(*Pinch 20th*) perish me, if my Soul disdain'd not the Motion.—I left him—the Lad and I took Places in the Waggon for *London*. On my Arrival there, I applied for Employment among the Booksellers ; and really pick'd up a very pretty Living, by writing Things against the Government. Not Child that I was disaffected—far from it—but we must eat ;—and any Thing on t'other Side didn't sell so well.

The young Man whom I brought to *London*, my *Adonis* as I used to call him, soon died of a galloping Consumption ; the foul Fogs of *London* were too heavy for the Delicacy of his Frame. I was inconsolable, nay, shou'd certainly have followed him, had not my Landlady introduced a *Jew* Gentleman to my Acquaintance. He took Lodgings for

me at *Hackney*; and tho' I was under infinite Obligation to him; yet, perish me, (*Pinch 30th*) if I cou'd ever aggregate my Ideas to any Complacency for him. I was conscious he was an Infidel; nor *Junior*, cou'd I ever have believ'd, that any Existence, sprung from my Womb, wou'd so grossly have debased the Dignity of his Specie, as you have done, by your Cohesion with this *Jew* Woman.—For me, I wou'd sooner go to Bed to a Christian, supperless, than be kept by the richest Wretch in *England*, that did not believe in the New Testament.—I soon retreated from such an irreligious Acquaintance.

A Gentleman belonging to the Law had Lodgings in the same House we were in. He was a great Free-thinker, and talk'd to me concerning the Eternity of Matter, of the Soul's Materiality, and Divisibility; and why Reason and Religion were incompatible. I was fascinated with his Discourse, for his Tongue dropp'd Manna. With him I came to *London*; for he was a Counsellor and solicitor in Sessions Time, at *Justice Hall*; and while he follow'd the Court, I began to compile a Treatise, on the Absurdity of Faith without Demonstration. But my Ideas not being sufficiently arranged,

ranged, the Counsellor, my Spouse, brought me all the best Authors, such as *Massey's Travels*; *Woolston* against Miracles; Christianity as old as the Creation; the Infallibility of human Judgment; the Oracles of Reason; and several more of the famous Champions of the rational Side of the Question. By their Help I tickled up as pretty a Piece of Metaphysics, as ever laid Ax to the Root of Priest-craft. But before it was published, some Enemies of my Husband's pretending he had forg'd a Seaman's Will and Powers, had him taken up; and we wanting Money at that Time, to do Things as we shou'd do in respect of Evidence, contrary to the Laws of what shou'd be right and wrong, he suffer'd.

But I'll leave you to guess, my dear Son, how much I was amazed when I came to comfort him the Evening after he was cast, to see the New Testament in his Hand.—He,—even he; who had made so great a Jest of reveal'd Religion in his Prosperity.--I was frighted to hear him call out for Mercy; wringing his Hands, and crying, What wou'd become of him in the next World? When he used, by mathematical Investi-

gations, formerly to prove to me, the Impossibility of there being one.

After his Decease, the Ordinary took me as his House-keeper. I then suppress'd my Treatise of Materialism, and put forth a Dissertation on the Condition of still-born Infants, in a future State; and dedicated it to the Hutchinsonians. A Romish Gentleman, who used sometimes to visit the Prisoners under Sentence, came often to our House; we had several logical Disputes; he fell in Love with me, and promised me to turn Protestant, if I wou'd go with him.—To save a Soul I did so. We went to *York* together; where Money being scarce, he was oblig'd to leave *England* for trying to make more. He left me big of my third Child. When I was up, having had so much Experience, I practis'd Midwifery, for my Genius was always extensive; but still I sigh'd for *London*. Conscious such a Person as I had, and such Abilities shou'd not be bury'd in the Country; therefore I return'd to Town, and resum'd my Pen. But the System of writing was alter'd.—The Town from Politicians were turn'd Electrifiers. I soon made myself Mistress of every atmospherical Experiment. In consequence of which, I set about a System
wherein

wherein I form'd a Process of extracting from the ætherial Fluid, an efficient Quantity of pure inflammable Rays of Heat; which, when collected into concave Speculums of different Diameters, placed at right Angles, wou'd form a Focus, strong enough to destroy any Enemy's Fleet in Harbour—and I presented this Project to the Sun-fire Office for their Inspection.

I was prevented from putting my Design in Execution, by the Owners of Saltpetre, and Gunpowder makers; — they setting forth in their Case, that as they had, with great Cost and Pains, and solely for the Good of their Country, prepared Combustibles enough to destroy the whole World, or any Part thereof, at a Week's Warning: Therefore they remonstrated, that if Lightning was once brought into common Use, all their vast Stocks of ready-made Destruction wou'd lye dead upon their Hands, to the great Loss of themselves and Families.

Then I began a Compendium of Natural Philosophy; wherein I prov'd, beyond Contradiction, that there never were such Things as Mermaids. I shew'd demonstratively, that *Vesuvius* and Mount *Hecla*, could have no Communication. I proved, that the *Indian* Way of rubbing

bing two Sticks together, to make Fire, was an Antediluvian Invention. Then I wrote a History of the Fly, call'd a Blue Bottle ; and a Dissertation proving the Antiquity of our Marrow-bones and Cleaver Music ; that they came from the Pyrrhic Dances of the *Greeks*, striking their Spears and Shields together. And in a Supplement I confuted Mr. *Swammerdam* ; shewing, that the Grubs in *Lapland* are no ways related to the Gnats in *Lincolnshire Fens*.——This Work, which would have made six Vol. in Folio, I intended to have publish'd, with several Copper-plates ; but the Graving coming dear, I laid it by, and resolv'd against any more being concern'd in Writings of Consequence ; so, just to kill Time, I abridged the Works of the Learned.

My Printer's youngest Prentice, who used to bring me the Proof of Sheets, had acted in several private Plays, and wou'd often repeat Speeches to me. Now you must know, Child, I have a strong theatrical Genius ; but not so much for Acting, as for writing Plays.—Not but I believe, if the Managers and I could have agreed, I should have exhibited in about half a Score of *Cibber's*, or *Wofington's*, or *Pritchard's* Parts. —But
there

there happened at this Time to be a Dearth of dramatic Writers, therefore I undertook to manure and fertilize the Theatres.

Don't imagine me vain, Child, I was qualified for this Undertaking. I had read over *Aristotle*, and all the *French Critiques*; and wou'd have suffer'd Martyrdom, sooner than wrote any Thing in Violation of the Unities. I am conscious *Shakespear's* Writings are crept into some Estimation. Yet you see no dramatic Writer now chuses to copy him—his Flights are bold, but very irregular, to be sure. Indeed, considering the Time he lived in, and his being unacquainted with the Classics, some of his Pieces are pretty enough,—but rude tho',—his Clowns for Instance—they are absolutely incongruous, to the Politeness of the *French* Drama; for it must be granted, that every Thing which is quite comic, must be quite low; therefore not fit for the Delicacy of the Boxes—so I turn'd the *Merry Wives of Windsor* into a Tragedy,—got a great Man's Letter, and it was put into Rehearsal.

The first Thing I had then to do, was to insert proper Paragraphs in the Papers; for Advertisements are as necessary to prepare the Town, as Physic is before

Inoculation. Puffing for a Thing, is as essential as the Thing itself.—I have, in my Time, puffed three or four Players into very good Salaries.—I scorn to calumniate.—But what did I ever get in Return?—Not this Pinch of *Straßbourg*, perish me.—No matter!—Gratitude is not a concomitant Characteristic in theatric Breasts.

Her Majesty's Death shutting up the Houses, my Tragedy was postpon'd—but hold, I am premature in my Story. I was mentioning about our Printer's Prentice rehearsing several Parts of Plays with me. One Day, by a Fatality the greatest Metaphysician never cou'd account for, as we were performing the Couch Scene of *Loveless* and *Berinthia*, I granted him the last Favour. Somewhat hung over me, impelling me, as it were, and made such Actions unavoidable. His Youth and Eagerness made me forgive him; his Obedience and Assiduity made me doat on him.

As soon as he was out of his Time, we were lawfully marry'd; till unluckily taking Lodgings for the Air in *Moorfields*, he became acquainted with some of the Tabernacle Preachers there; they thunder'd so much in his Head about Sin, and such Stuff, I was forced to put
him

him among the Incurables. I then found a Friend, in the Gentleman with whom I am at present. He's à Physician,—it is true indeed he travels :—What then ? 'Tis his Humanity only that makes him keep a Stage. People in every Town press him to settle with them ; but as I and my Husband tell them, if he was confin'd to one Spot, what must become of the rest of *England* ? For Country Doctors and Apothecaries are so ignorant,——my God ! And yet to see the Force of Genius : The Doctor took it all himself, he was not bred up to it : His Father is only a Ticket Porter.——What then ? The Parent of *Socrates* made Barbers Blocks.

C H A P. VI.

THE next Day *Junior* and his Lady prepared to set forward. But as Mrs. *Slymstraat* was putting up her Things, she discovered the Doctor's Wife and the Merry Andrew in a too familiar Conversation.

When *Junior* heard of this, he took his Mother aside, to expostulate with her : But she interrupted him, saying,—Child, there is an essential Distinction between voluntary Sin, and the Necessity of acting. As for what happened between me and *Robin*, it was no more than an Accident of Matter ; I was lost in Reflection. It was not criminal in me, I was merely passive, therefore not culpable, because not intentionally guilty : But as for that Infidel to reproach me with want of Taste ; me,——no *Junior*, I love you as much as a Mother ought, but never see my Face again, unless you part from that Unbeliever. Then instantly bridling herself up, she stalk'd out of the Room with the Straddle, Toss, and Importance of an *Haymarket Signiora*, after finishing a *Da Capo*.

Junior

Junior appeared at *Tunbridge* to be quite the Thing. He dress'd gay, drank deeply, play'd high, swore elegantly, and sung drolly. He was Master of Arts in Sentiment-making; had all Odds *ad Unguem*. As for the Pedigree of a Plate Horse, he was a critical Genealogist.

He took Care to make much Parade of his Honour, therefore was thought to be one of very strict Principle:—For it was his Maxim, that, according to the first Impression which you make upon the Company, thro' that Medium you will be afterwards look'd at.

Among the many Personages who exhibited themselves at the Wells that Season, there was a Person, who by his Address seem'd to be a Gentleman. He was allow'd to be a very sensible Man, by an Observation or two which he made at a Picture Sale, the Day he came down.—He was allow'd to be very rich too.—Yet so great an Oddity, he never went to the Gaming Table, rarely to the Tavern, and then not a Word of Politics slip't from him.—He seem'd very fond of reading, which made the very polite Company there fancy he had crack'd his Brain by Study.

The inquisitive Club had been very busy in enquiring after him.—A Club, where Scandal,—but why shou'd Spleen fall from a Poet's Pen?—No; it is proper some People shou'd meddle with other Peoples Business. It is the Duty we owe our Country, a Duty we owe our Neighbours, a Duty we owe ourselves, to be assiduous in our Questions; not only concerning Persons we don't know, but more especially to examine into every Report that is propagated of Intrigue, or Male-practices, in our Friends and those we do know.

Junior, whose Scheme was to make all the Acquaintance he cou'd among money'd Men, judg'd this Gentleman well worth knowing; and soon made the Stranger's Temper his Study.—For like *Alcibiades*, *Jack* cou'd be any thing, with any Man.

But what is *Tom Fool* doing all this while? Why, must the History of a Sharper,—a dull Copy of Count *Fathom*, be retail'd upon the Reader. Is it judgment to suffer the principal Character in this Epic to be idle so long, and let an Episode in Bulk exceed the grand History? When *Tom Fool* was in Goal, nothing cou'd be expected from him: But now he is married, every thing is expected—

pected—by various People; thus has the Editor been questioned. All his reply was—Patience.—Mr. *Fool*, like other new-married Gentlemen, is waiting in his white Gloves, Master of the Ceremonies at the Ladies Levee.—We'll therefore let him alone, until the visiting Week is over, and attend upon Mr. *Saltern*, (that is the strange Gentleman's Name) and *Junior*, who were thus conversing together.

Junior.

I have met with many Disappointments, Sir.

Saltern.

Disappointments are as incidental as Colds; and most Persons are equally ready to prescribe for both.—Be Judge, Sir, how I have been disappointed.

When I was a Youth; by the flattery of my Tutors and Dependants, I was made to believe my own Understanding superior to the rest of Mankind, therefore was resolv'd to spare no Costs, or Pains, till I had acquired that high and mighty self-sufficient Title; A Man of universal Knowledge.

After I had pleas'd myself with reflecting on my Plan, as Maidens do of Matrimony, I began to put it in Execution. Having the Good of my Country at
Heart,

Heart, I intended to get a Seat in Parliament, therefore immediately apply'd myself to the Study of Eloquence. But *Tully*, in his Treatise upon Rhetoric, doubting whether Oratory was more an Advantage or Detriment to the State, I became irresolute ;——nay, soon relinquish'd it, despairing to excel in what *Cicero* was found Fault with, both by *Brutus* and *Quintilian*.

Yet bent to pursue the Good of my Country, I attended Borough Jobbing. But a Change in the Ministry forcing me to have all my Work to do over again, I grew tired of so precarious an Employment ; went once more to my Books, and immerfed myself in ancient Philosophy.—What a Parcel of Absurdities did I there meet with ! Every Fellow at that time of Day, with an overheated Imagination, or possess'd of inveterate Rancour, set up for a System-maker. There required not much Capital to begin with ; they open'd their Opinions, and the World at once became their Customers. For altho' there is not any thing to be conceiv'd more ridiculous, than what the Sectarists of all Ages have in their Turns asserted ; yet such is the Weakness, Wilfulness, and Vanity of human Kind, they are sure

sure to find Followers, Believers, and Defenders.

Like a Town Lady, on her first Country Visit, I soon grew tired of my Company; shifted my Quarters into the planetary System, and found the Study of Astronomy very much to my Satisfaction. I lectured upon the Orrery, explain'd Attraction, settled the Comets Routs, accounted for the Winds and Tides, pervaded thro' the milky Way, assign'd Causes *à Priori*, and boldly and technically answer'd for all the Motions of the Universe.

I grew very fond of the Discoveries I made nightly in the Moon: For having *Stevelius's* Map of that Planet; by that, and from what he had wrote upon it, cou'd by the help of my Glâsses, see very plainly upon her Surface, Rivers, Rocks, Towns, Trees, and Churches. But afterwards, reading *Hugenius*, he contradicted all the Moonland Discoveries; nay, proves it is not possible for us to discover any Objects on her Disk. I confess, after weighing his Arguments, all my former pretty Prospects vanish'd; —I cou'd not find one Picture on the Moon's Face, I had formerly fancy'd there.—Away went my Telescopes.

Then

Then I became eager to study History : But by their own Accounts, ancient Authors are not much to be depended upon, and Moderns too often misled by the Rage of Party, religious Prejudices, or Partialities to their own Country. Determined no more to depend on what others had said, but resolv'd to search into the Nature of Things myself, I erected a Laboratory. I was at first fond of *Galen*,—till meeting with the Work of *Paracelsus*,—left off my first Master :—But I as soon grew sick of the Second ; when I found even this *Paracelsus*, who ridicules *Galen* so much, and who promised himself vast Riches and Longevity from his rare Secrets, die insolvent between forty and fifty. From him, I turn'd to *Van Helmont* ; but reading his Process upon the four Porters,—I threw all my chymical Volumes into the Furnace, gave the whole Furniture of my Laboratory to the Work-house, and turn'd my Speculations to Physic. That I did not attend long, disgusted at not being able to account for animal Secretion.

In vain I read, and it was as much in vain for me to enquire : They told me indeed, that the Stomach, like the Loadstone, was possess'd of occult Qualities.

That

That I granted, but was determin'd not to pursue a Study, where we cou'd not come to a Demonstration of its first and grand Principle.

To dissipate the Chagreen, which the Insufficiency of these Pursuits had occasion'd, I undertook Music. When I heard the Compositions of the great Masters, they transported me; I no longer wonder'd at the extravagant Effects Poets ascrib'd to the Power of Sounds. I immediately became Confort Hunter;—studied Compositions, and cou'd relish no Companions, but those who understood the Nature of Unisons; but was very much surpriz'd to find that most musical Performers look'd with Disdain on the Professors of every Art and Science but their own. Yet, except in their own, they are the most incurious and unenterprising of any other Artists. Nay, even in the very Branch they excel, you must tire yourself with requesting, before they'll exhibit: But when once they begin, they know not how to stop, but are as palling, by doing too much, as they were disgustful before by not doing any thing. I bid adieu to the Gamut, least it shou'd lead me into the same Infatuation.

My next Attempt was extremely amusing.—I studied Painting and Sculpture,

Sculpture, but was shock'd at the unfriendly Treatment, several Men of Merit gave their Contemporaries.

I had like to have tumbled over Head and Ears into the Tide of Taste, and become Picture-fancier, Auction-hunter, and Connoisseur. But as I had studied without travelling, my Opinions were not of equal Weight, with those who had travell'd without studying.

The better to judge of Sculpture, and some parts of Painting, I found it necessary to apply myself to Anatomy; and as that, in some Measure, is connected with both natural and experimental Philosophy, I soon gave myself up entirely to the Investigations of Nature. I dragg'd the Ditches for Embryo's, committed Burglary upon the Habitations of half-form'd Insects, stripp'd Trees of their Moss, examin'd Puff-balls, and search'd for the Heads of Snake Stones.

I have seen, Sir, the Circulation of Blood in a Frog's Toes, Spider's Leg, and a Shrimp's Tail. I have counted the Number of blue Animals a Sloe has upon its Surface, and knew accurately, what Pen-feathers there were in a Butterfly's Wing.

Many curious Observations have I made upon Duck-weed, and Dung-hill-water,

hill-water, and the several *Animalcula* in each.

I have impaled Gnats upon Pins, to try how long they cou'd live without eating. Have prefs'd Wood-lice and Silk-worms to Death, to discover their seminal *Animalcula*; and destroy'd many Colonies of Ants, to be certain whether they did, or did not bite off the Ends of the Corn. I have attended the microscopical Dissections of Bugs, to resolve that grand Debate among the Learned; whether they were or were not Hermaphrodites. I have also open'd Batts, to authenticate what Genius they shou'd be class'd under, Birds, or Beasts.

Junior.

Do you think, Sir, these Studies benefit the Understanding.

Saltern.

Yes, Sir,—just as much as making your Fences in the *Chinese* Manner wou'd improve your Estate.—Yet so far is Prejudice prevailing, that were we to deride such Pursuits, all the minute Philosophers wou'd be alarm'd, and our Treatment wou'd be as severe, as if at *Madrid*, we shou'd reason against Saint-worshiping.—I own, I have been astonish'd at beholding Millions of Beings, smaller than the smallest Grain of Sand;
skimming

skimming upon the Water, sailing along the Air, and circulating in our finest Fluids. I ask'd myself seriously what these cou'd be for.—That *For*, was my Gordian Knot.

I determin'd to find out a Man of Sense, to whom I cou'd communicate my Doubts; and by comparing our Opinions, we might come to know, why, and for what End these Things were so.—I related my Design to the only surviving Relation I have, a prodigious Humourist.

When he had heard me out,—he shook his Head, (methinks I see him now) and reply'd,—Oh, Nephew, Nephew, before you endeavour to account for the Deity's Actions, regulate your own. Don't begin the Study of Wisdom at the wrong End; like some of our Folks of Fashion, who are sent Abroad, before they see their own Country.—Receive Things as they are, use them as they shou'd be; employ your Talents in praise-worthy Exercises; but throw not away your Time in vain Speculations, like the thirsty Lunatic, who, when he arrived at a River, instead of quenching his Thirst, lost himself in looking for the Spring-head.

I made

I made him a Bow, thanked him for his Advice, promis'd him to consider of it, but left the Room, and my Promise behind me;—like a Lover, who requests his Friend's Opinion, tho' he is already determin'd—I set out upon my Travels immediately, to search for a Man of Sense.

I knew Nature not partial to Birth; therefore fancy'd Understanding, like Beauty, might be found among the meanest; and began my Enquiry among the Shepherds, and Labourers;—but found them as reasonless, as the Cattle they tended. They possess'd a low Cunning, which answer'd all their Ends.

Junior.

Poets indeed amuse us, Sir, with fine Stories about pastoral Simplicity,—Innocence might go to Market in *Arcadia*; but in *England's* Country Towns, Vice and Folly are as well receiv'd, as in any Parish within the Bills of Mortality; except that of playing at Cards on a *Sunday*. Tho' these Country People jump, run, ring, wrestle, and play at Foot-ball on the Eve of the same Day.

Saltern.

Then I visited their Masters;—but I was still at Fault.—Market-day Meetings rubb'd off a little of their Rusticities;

cities; yet they were not thoroughly humaniz'd:—One Day every Week they were drunk; once in seven Years, Mad; and every Year at Law. From them I took a Turn to the Country Squires; but they are only Farmers with fine Cloaths on.

All the Distinction I cou'd make between them, was, the Man of 100*l.* *per Ann.* cou'd kill Game, and they who paid him his Rent were persecuted, if they kept a Gun in the House.

I then paid my Respects to the Country Gentlemen. Cou'd I have been satisfied among the last, I might have hung up my Shield;—but I wanted something more,—like a nice Lady of my Acquaintance; who resolv'd never to marry, till she cou'd meet a Man without a Fault; liv'd single till 56, and then run away with her Brother's hump-back'd Postillion,

In the Winter, I came up to *London*, and took Lodgings in *Pall-mall*. And as my Search had hitherto been confin'd to my own Sex, I resolv'd now to dedicate some Time to the Ladies, since I found myself in the Neighbourhood of so many beautiful Assemblages. Scarcely had I form'd a proper Acquaintance among them, before it almost determin'd
me

me to give over my Pursuit after a Man of Sense, and fix on one of the many amiable Women I had convers'd with, as a Partner for Life;—but I was too irresolute:—I saw too many; and what was worse, saw them too often. I was weaned from my Thoughts, when I beheld the most elegant Figures, and the finest Understandings, sacrificed to the Irregularities of Fashion. I began to think my Uncle right; and cou'd not help confessing; that altho' Women, and Wisdom, are the worthiest Objects of our Admirations; yet too much Speculation is ever attended with Infelicity.

I paid my Attendance to the Men in Power. But as the Ladies gave up their Merits to the Mode,—Jealousy jaundic'd the fair Face of the great Men's Perfections.

I remov'd into the City, and directed my Inquest among the Men of Business. Here I met many praise-worthy Acquaintance. The most of those I convers'd with, I found to be sensible, knowing and sociable:—Yet few, very few, valued themselves upon what they were really excellent in; or cou'd be quiet while they were happy. Some I saw, who after accumulating large Estates, by incredible

credible Industry, or as incredible good Fortune, were infected by the Epidemic of Taste, and commenc'd Connoisseurs: Others far gone in a Fondness for Quality, either to be allied, or even acquainted with Nobility, wou'd lavish all their former Gettings: A third Sort, who had from among Dangers, Hardships, and Hazards, gather'd a happy Independance, stung by the Venom of Party, wou'd squander it all to purchase a Seat in Parliament, altho' there they never spoke, nor were ever properly spoke to.

Resolving not to give over my Search, I associated with the Men of Repartee; but their Inattention to social Duties shock'd me: They are such Enthusiasts in Rallery, that, like *Ben* the Sailor, they must have their Joke tho' the Ship was sinking. Friends, as well as Foes, are sure to suffer if they come within the way of their Wit; like the drunken Prize-fighter, who cut and slash'd every one round him, to show People how finely he cou'd flourish.

Still resolute in my Inquiry, I determin'd to follow Nature, tho' she was earth'd in a Night-cellar. I was introduc'd among the Choice Spirits, as they call themselves:—Their Spirits were
choice

choice indeed :—They live the Life of those Insects, who are bred, brought to Maturity, and die within 24 Hours. For all that these sing-song, story-telling, mimic Existences pretend to, is but to eat, drink, and divert for the Day. Necessity their ruling Passion, a Tavern Treat their *summum bonum*.

Yet among these, sometimes you meet with the Glimmerings of Merit, tho' sodden'd by the Dregs of Debauch.

But it often thus happens, that even real Genius shall so far debase itself, as to prostitute the Bounties of Nature like supperless Street-walkers, to a Set of People, whose only Qualifications are, they can pay the Reckoning.

After laughing at these, and the rest of Mankind, I began to look back on my past Adventures, by way of Recrimination ; but I was not then so much pleas'd as I expected to be ; I found I had been a Bubble to my own Self-sufficiency ; that I had set out to seek an Impossibility, —expecting to meet with a Man who shou'd exceed me in Understanding ; and yet as I was to be Judge, my own Vanity wou'd always prevent me from giving a true Verdict. Upon Reflection, I found I had only taken Man in the Gross ; that they had all a Sufficiency of

Understanding, to answer the Purposes they were intended for; that I was not half the Man of Sense I imagin'd myself to be; and that, from a superficial Knowledge of the World, I had despis'd several Persons who had a greater Right to hold me in Contempt.

To-morrow, Mr. *Junior*, I set out for an Estate I have in *South-Wales*, and if you are disengag'd, and will waste a Month with me, a hearty Welcome shall supply the Place of much Ceremony. In *Wales*, Sir, you'll meet with Persons, I dare say, worth your Acquaintance. For altho' they are not as much patroniz'd as the People of neighbouring Principalities, (and their Mountains indeed produce not *Peruvian* Treasure) yet the hardy Inhabitants inherit Virtues, that wou'd lend a Lustre to the best Birthday Dress, at the most brilliant Court in *Christendom*.

Junior accepted the Invitation, proposing to himself many Opportunities for private Play, which he knew how to make beneficial. But on the second Afternoon of their Travelling, Mr. *Saltern's* Horse threw him, which oblig'd them to lay by for a Day or two.

C H A P. VII.

JUNIOR after seeing his Friend blooded, and put to Bed, retired ; and according to the modern Custom of *solo* Travellers, order'd a Room, and bid the Drawer send in his Master and a Bottle of Claret.

As soon as they made their Appearance, *Junior* ordering the Landlord to be seated, enquir'd if that Gentlewoman in the Bar was the Innkeeper's Spouse ; who reply'd in the Affirmative.

Junior.

She's a very fine Woman Landlord, won't she take a Glas with us.

Landlord.

I hope Sir you'll excuse her at present, she's very busy, but she shall wait upon you at Supper, Sir.

Junior.

I insist then she shall pledge us where she is.—Waiter, carry a Bottle of Claret, with my Compliments to your Mistress.

Landlord.

I humbly thank your Honour ; but why shou'd she put your Honour to so much Charge ; tho' to be sure, if she does love any Liquor better than another, it is Claret : If your Honour had

been bred and born with her, as the Song says, you cou'd not have pleased her better.

Junior.

How long have you been married, Landlord?

Landlord.

Four Years come *Lammas*, Sir.

Junior.

A Man must be vastly happy with such a Wife.

Landlord.

Happy, Sir, I don't believe there's never a Gentleman in a hundred Miles, lives happier with his Wife than I do, Sir: I give her her way in every Thing, only just in laying out a little Money.—We are apt to squabble about that now and then,—but its soon over:—I get out of the Way, for when once she begins scolding, there's no stopping her.—There will be Words in all Families, Sir; so I let her tattle, and I go and buy her some Nick-nack, and that sweetens her, and she's as pleasant as a cool Tankard.

Junior.

She looks to be very fit for a Bar-keeper.

Landlord.

Ay, Sir, tho' I say it, there wou'dn't be a better Barkeeper in the World, if she

she wou'd but give her Mind to it, and so I tell her sometimes, for when our House is full of Company, she'll gallop ye twenty Miles after a Hare or a new Fashion, then we have a few Words indeed, or else we live as happily as the Day is long.

Junior.

She seems to be a very handy Woman.

Landlord.

I can't say as to that, Sir, she's very well in every Thing else to be sure; but as to stirring about her Business, she hates it, she'll jig it after a Fiddle for four and twenty Hours together; but tir'd to Death if she puts out her Hand only to fold up a Table Cloth.

Junior.

She looks to be very good-humour'd.

Landlord.

Her Temper's a little uneven now and then, that's all she's to blame for: The Servants seldom do any Thing to please her, nor I neither; but there's nobody without their Faults, she wou'dn't have one in the World if she didn't fulk it so. But she'll sometimes go about the House for a Week together taking the Rust, as the Jockies say; and then I say, *Bett*, How can you bear Ill-will so long? That's sure to bring her to her Tongue;

for she hates to be call'd *Bett*. So then she begins to rate me—but I hark to cover: Faith lock myself into the Cyder-cellar, and there am snugg as an earth'd Fox; and so, Sir, my Service to you.

Junior.

I fancy she's a very agreeable Companion.

Landlord.

Yes, Sir, she can talk indeed, and does talk to—only she's apt to talk a little too much, and then she let's her Tongue run about her own Town's Folks so—but this happens only when she gets a Glass too much; and yet I love to see her in Company; she never baulks her Glass; it's Pity she lets it get the better of her so.

Junior.

I am afraid then that Bottle will be too much for her.

Landlord.

No, Sir, begging your Honour's Pardon, she has not such a weak Head as that comes to neither; if she wou'd but be good-natur'd when she's elevated; but the Devil on 'tis—a sudden Up-roar in the Street stopp'd the Conversation; *Junior* lifting up the Sash, saw a Parish Beadle driving before him a poor ragged Figure, with a Child swath'd

to

to her Back; the Fellow rudely thrusting his Fist against the Infant, as he push'd the Mother along. The Cries of the Child hurry'd *Junior* into the Street, and he enquired why the poor Creature was used so.

She's a Vagrant, reply'd the Officer, and she wanted to die in our Bounds; and she's a Cheat, and fainted away just now, on Purpose to leave her Bastard upon us.

Perhaps (replied *Junior*) she fainted thro' Want. Indeed I did, Sir, the poor Sufferer reply'd very feebly, and turning her Head towards *Junior* as she spoke, he observed something of Elegance in her Face, tho' it was pale; her Eye brows were regularly arch'd, her Eyes black, and inexpressibly languishing. He cou'd not also help taking Notice of the Evenness and fine Polish of her Teeth, and between the dishevell'd Partings of her Hair, he saw a Neck of a most extraordinary Whiteness.

Junior, tho' not strictly a Man of Honour, now and then had Touches of those subordinate Virtues, Generosity and Compassion.—He therefore determin'd to relieve her, sent off the Beadle, and went with her himself to a motherly Woman's House, called *Goody Wen*,

to whom he was recommended by the Neighbours.

The Report of this Piece of Humanity reach'd the Inn before *Junior's* Return. Mr. *Saltern* congratulated him upon it, and on the Conquest he had made; for, continued he, I am certain, by the manner in which my Landlady related it to me, she's fond of you. Women are more forward to admire or reward Actions of Generosity than our Sex: She is of a very sanguine Complexion, and you see what a Wretch she has for a Husband; for want of something better to do I made her Maid tell me her whole History.

She was bred up in that old Hall we were admiring when my Horse threw me. The House-keeper's Daughter, but at seventeen, having added one to the Posterity of *Adam*, without asking Leave legally for it, she was discharg'd. Our Landlord was Butler; he marry'd her, and the Squire bought this House for them. She's now but twenty-four, and if I am not extravagant in my Guesses, *Junior*, she's your own. She has been so full of your Praises, it must be so—at least I beg you'll try, if it be only to satisfy me, how far I am right as to reading of Woman-kind.

When

When *Junior* came down, he found in the fore Parlor his Landlady, with several Town's Folks.

As he enter'd, she rose up smiling; and in a pretty lisping manner address'd him, with——dear Sir, well to be sure you'll go to Heaven, I wish all Gentlemen were like you.—Lord, Sir, to have so much Charity upon such a forlorn Creature.

To be sure, Sir, you are one of the best Gentlemen that ever liv'd, and yet to see some Folks——that Gentleman came to know the Truth of it; for you was told, wa'ant you, Doctor, that the Beggar woman was the Gentleman's Wife, and how he had left her, and plunder'd her of all she had, and so she lighted on him by Chance, and so he gave her some Gold for Hush-money.

Mr. *Opifer* reply'd, he had heard so, but the Story was not properly digested; for as the animal Spirits are more heated in the secretory Vessels of some People, than of others, they see Things in different or adverse Mediums. Now, Sir (turning to *Junior*) I am always neutral in my Judgment, until I have analytically consider'd the Ingredients of every Report. For it is an establish'd Postulalum with me; and not only with

me, but with most of the great Men of Antiquity, never to believe any thing till we can be assur'd of its Credibility; as *Hypocrates* observes, in his forty-ninth Aphorism.

Another of the Company (whose Ink-horn dangling from his Button-hole, denoted his Profession) rapping his Knuckles hard against the Table; call'd out—now God forgive my Sins, if I didn't hear that this Gentleman, begging his Pardon—but that the Woman did pick his Pockets to be sure,—Yes, indeed, of his Watch, and so he did seize her coming to Town.

Mr. *Illicit* the Attorney declared, he had the Case stated three or four different Ways to him; and with Submission, he cou'd not tell what to decree in it.—To be sure Charity was not against the Statutes; but then to give away such a Sum as five Guineas, merely out of Compassion! He must demur to that; it was contrary to all Law or Equity. But however, Sir, your Health.—I have been in *London* myself, and have had all the fine Girls there; ha Landlord, you have heard me say so before; and they have all their Ups and Downs, and so I rest my Plea upon that.—The Gentleman has seen her before, or else
he

he looks to be a Gentleman of too much Sense, to throw away such a Sum as five Guineas to encourage Beggars, notwithstanding so many Laws to the contrary.

As when all ermin'd and emboss'd, glittering with foil Stones and spun Glass, in Sultana State, the high Salary Actress is seated in the green Room, shou'd some inferior allowanced Lady dare to thwart her High Mightiness, with even a Hint about Equality of Merit, sudden her Imperialness wou'd arise, and darting the Scowl-Theatric at the Pattin-wearing Rival, majestically move out of the Room, like *Dido's* Ghost, silent and sullen.

Thus *Junior* gave the Lawyer the Look contemptuous; and desiring the Landlady to bring him a Bowl of Rack up Stairs, order'd the Waiter to show him into his own Room.

After he had slapp'd to the Door, the Company sat staring at one another, like a Parcel of imperfect Actors. At last the Landlady declared, she was sure and sorry that the Gentleman was so affronted; and how do we know, but he may be some Nobleman in Disguise, or some great Man, perhaps, belonging to the Government.

As sure as Saint *Winifred*, and so he is (reply'd the Squire of the Square-root) and one of our *Mary's* Relations.

Mr. *Illicit*, with a Sneer, enquired if *Mary's* Relations were all great People?

Yes, by God's Blessing and good Grace, they are all so; ay, and have all Coats of Arms too, as well as my Family.

Unluckily the Lawyer interrupted him; by observing, that some People pretended to Coats of Arms, yet wanted Arms to their Coats. Flesh and Blood cou'd not bear this; he flung his Fist full upon Mr. *Illicit's* Face; the astonish'd Lawyer started up like a Cock that's chained; and darting his Arms out strait, by way of keeping off Blows, he entangled his Fingers in Mr. *Aprice's* Hair: *Aprice* rushing forward drove Mr. *Illicit* into a Corner; and there the Exciseman's Head, like a battering Ram, butted and rebutted against the Lawyer's Chin. The Welchman springing upon his Toes at every stroke, Mr. *Illicit's* Teeth gnash'd lamentably, and the hinder Part of his Skull striking against the Wainscot, sounded dismal.

The Apothecary mounted himself by a Chair's Help on a Table, at the other End of the Room, with two Candles
in

in his Hands, to see, and show them fair Play.—The Landlord stole away, to call the Exciseman's Wife; and the Landlady stood shrieking, clasping her Arms round a large *China* Bowl she had snatch'd up.

In the Corner, where the Heat of Battle roar'd, happen'd to be a Vessel, which for Delicacy-sake is named a Looking-glass. Whether the Combatants overset the Vessel, or the Vessel overthrew them, is yet undetermin'd. Certain it is, they were all three rolling on the Floor together; but *Aprice* soon got astride Mr. *Illicit*; forcibly his Blows fell upon the Lawyer; when Mrs. *Aprice* entering, came suddenly behind her Husband, seiz'd his Arms, and obtain'd in an Instant a Cessation of Fists.

The Doctor, who had all this while manfully maintain'd his Post, as Candle-bearer to the Combatants, now descended, and proffer'd his Service to Mr. *Illicit*, chirurgically;—but the Lawyer swore he wou'dn't join Issue with any of um;—but he wou'd have Revenge:—He'd let them see what it was to strike a sworn Attorney, for all his Eyes were closed at present. He was oblig'd to be led Home, wet, bruised, and blinded: The Landlady went out to obey Mr.

Junior's

Junior's Order; and the Gentleman of vulgar Fractions remain'd Master of the Field of Battle.

The Distributer of Medicines then began to observe, how wrong-headed Mr. *Illicit* was, in not suffering his Bruises to be dress'd; hinting somewhat about Inflammations, tumefy'd Flesh, Fissures, Fevers, and Phlebotomy.

Now it was said, that Mr. *Opifer*, and Madam *Aprice*, had been naught together; but that the Doctor was inconstant, having Hopes to meet with a more agreeable Patient in the Landlady. This Mrs. *Aprice* had great Suspicion of: She had long time kept herself to herself, but now was resolv'd to give Vent to her Indignation.

Her Husband had, from what sometimes his Neighbours said, great Jealousies about his Wife; and Mr. *Opifer*, and he also, was then determin'd to have it out. The Wife's Blood was up, the Husband's Blood was up, and after some Altercation, they set Mr. *Opifer's* Blood up.

He hit Madam in the Teeth with some Particulars, which no Man cou'd be suppos'd to have known, but her Husband.—She flew at him;—he fled from her:

her : She seiz'd the Knots of his Tye Wig ; he left it in her Hands, (as a Bird escapes with the Loss of his Tail-feathers) and run out of the Room ; the Husband and Wife after him ; they overtook him in the Entry ; the Exciseman began to beat him unmercifully ;——Mrs. *Aprice* seconded every Blow of her Husband's, by hitting the Wig in the Doctor's Face ; who all the while was crying out Murder, Murder, for God's Sake. The Ostler rescu'd him, and he run Home, like a true Tragedy Ghost, bare-headed, with Shirt bloody, and mealy Face.

Mr. *Aprice*, and his *Mary*, went Home Arm in Arm : She comforting herself, that tho' his best Neckcloth was tore, thank God her Husband had behav'd himself like a Gentleman.

C H A P. VIII.

NOW was Tranquility reinstated below Stairs, and the Mistress of the House ascended to Mr. *Junior* with a Bowl of Rack, and began her Apology for the People's having made such an obstrepulous Noise.

Tho', for that Matter, I'm glad Sir Mr. *Illicit* met his Deserts, for affronting such a good-temper'd Gentleman as you are ; tho' to be sure our Exciseman did thrash him vexatiously ; and yet I cou'dn't help being frighten'd, Sir,--one's House being disturb'd so, and then to see them all bloody, and my best *China* Bowl had like to have been broke,—and if I hadn't shriek'd out, Sir, and caught hold of it, Sir, my best Bowl wou'd have tumbled all to smash, Sir.—Thus glib glided her Speech ; she lisp'd, she laugh'd, her Face was flush'd, her Eyes glissen'd, sure Symptoms that she had been too busy with her best *China* Bowl.

Junior observed it, and resolv'd to try how far his Friend was right. He put the Glass quick about, he squeez'd her Hand, he prais'd her Face, he kiss'd her Lips, he press'd her Neck, he sigh'd,
he

he strove,—she begg'd he'd be easy,—
 she must go down ;—nay, she vow'd she
 wou'd—that Moment ;—what cou'd such
 a fine Gentleman see in her,—nay, Sir,—
 pray don't pull me,—excuse,—dear,—
 what with a Stranger too,—if—Sir,—
 indeed,——I'll——there's the Curtain
 Rod down,——O Lord,——the Door,
 —well,——nay—Sir,——pray, oh, oh,
 ——Dies.

A C T. II.

Next Morning *Junior* went to visit the
 Person he had so lately relieved. If in
 her Wretchedness he discover'd she was
 handsome, now neatly habited he cou'd
 not help loudly affirming, upon Oath,
 she was the most striking Figure he
 ever saw.

Fixing her Eyes upon the Floor, and
 fetching a deep Sigh, she reply'd, alas,
 Sir, forgive my Abruptness; but if you'll
 condescend to hear my Story.——

Junior bow'd, and seating himself by
 her, thus she began.

I hope Sir you'll excuse me, if for the
 present I don't mention my Name. But
 few Years are past since I was counted
 the Toast and great Heirefs of the
 County my Father represented in Par-
 liament.

liament. As you know, Sir, it is impossible for a young Woman of Fashion to compleat her Education, but under a *French* Governess. I had one, who soon gain'd me to think her the most polite, friendly, and sensible Creature living. She made me despise my own Country, and setting all those who came to pay their Addresses to me, in a contemptible Light; and every Time she stood by me at my Dressing-table, lamented that such Beauty, as I was possess'd of, shou'd be made a Sacrifice to some rude, coarse *English* Savage.

I sigh'd for *France*, began to fancy myself choak'd with the foggy Air of *England*; for as Mademoiselle told me, if I was at *Paris*, it wou'd be a very easy Thing for me to make a Conquest of one of the Princes of the Blood. You must be certain my *English* Lovers did not meet with much Encouragement. Nay, I disbanded them all but one, whose Name was *Soil*; he wou'd take no Denial. He had the greatest Estate in our Neighbourhood, and the Relations on each Side desired it to be a Match. Therefore they contriv'd it so, that sometimes I was forc'd to suffer myself to sit with him. But you wou'd have smil'd to have seen our Tete a Tete Parties; when-
ever

ever he offer'd to speak, I met his Eyes with a full Stare.—He stammer'd and blush'd like a School-boy,—then I us'd to burst into a loud Laugh, and he'd hang down his Head, turn round his Dog's Collar, putting the Butt-end of his Whip into his Mouth, (as an Infant does its Coral) play'd the Lash of it against his Boots, at the same Time I was pinching my Apron, or twirling my Watch Key.

One Day indeed he ventur'd so far to open his Mind, as to invite me to see him ride a Sweepstakes.—My reply was, I detested Horse-racing.—He look'd as simple as a Shepherd.—I told him, if I was ever again to be punished with his Company, I desir'd he wou'd not bring any of his Brother Brutes with him;—not but I assur'd him, (pointing to his Greyhound) I thought the Dog a much more sensible Animal than his Master.

He started up, look'd round the Room as if he had lost something, clapp'd his Cap on, smack'd his Whip, whistled his Dog out, bounced the Door after him, and got on Horseback, cursing himself if he ever open'd after me again.

However, resolving not to be thrown out, as he said, by a Puss, he determin'd to demand me in Form, and of myself too: But preparing himself with rather
too

too many Bumpers, to deliver so important a Question, he made his Attack upon my Woman, in so boisterous a Manner, that I was forced to leave my Dressing-room to rescue her. This Story I related in all the Places I visited, with several Embellishments, placing him in so ridiculous a Light, that he was forc'd to leave the Country, vowing Revenge against me,—but that I thought so trifling to take Notice of;—my Heart was set upon *France*, and I soon persuaded my Mama to spend the following Winter with me in *Paris*.

One Day, when every Thing was got ready for the intended Tour, Mr. Recorder's Daughter, a young Lady about my Age, came to tell me what a Wonder was come to Town.

A fine Gentleman, she said, an outlandish one, his Servants had Feathers in their Hats, and himself was all over Gold Lace.

The Mention of a Foreigner alarm'd me; my Heart beat impatient to make so important a Conquest. The very Day of his Arrival was our Subscription Assembly. He danc'd with me,—and I learn'd, from his own Mouth, he was a *French* Nobleman.—How inimitable I thought was every Thing he did; so odd,
so

so out of the way, so polite, so easy ; all the young Ladies were charm'd with him, as much as I was ; but I had the Satisfaction of triumphing over them all ; for it was to me alone he paid his Addresses. He prais'd my Figure, my Dancing, my Understanding ; I cou'd have heard him for ever. But when he waited on me Home, judge, Sir, what such a giddy-headed Girl as I must feel, to see him kneel at my Feet, and hear him name the Dames of the first Quality and Beauty in *France*, and swear I was, in point of Person, superior to them all.

When he took his Leave, all in Rapture, I made my Governess sit with me for two Hours, talking about him,—while she—begg'd me not to be too credulous,—nor fix my Affections on a Stranger. 'Tis true, she said, he had the Air of Nobility, yet he might be a Sharper for all that, and begg'd I wou'd not give him the least Encouragement, till she had enquired into the Truth of what he was.

I was charm'd with this fresh Assurance, of what I thought the most sincere Friendship ; but I reply'd, her Care was needless ; I was certain by his Address, he must be a Man of Fashion.—That did not signify, she answer'd, several
young

young Ladies had been ruin'd by Fortune-hunters, and it was her Duty to take Care of me, and she wou'd go that Day and be convinc'd.

When return'd from her Enquiry, she congratulated me on the Conquest I had made, for she knew my Lord's Gentleman in *Paris*, and he assured her, his Master was violently in Love with me.

That Afternoon my Lord drank Tea with me. I shall not trouble you with our Courtship; indeed there was not much: But, prompted by my Governess, I agreed to go off with him, which in four Days from our first Acquaintance I did.

I had a pretty considerable Fortune independant. When we arrived at *London*, that I drew out of the Bank, put into my Husband's Hands, and the next Day set forward for *France*.

You may easily guess, Sir, the Catastrophe of this Amour:—He plunder'd and left me; informing me by a Letter, that he was sent down by Mr. *Soil* on purpose to make his Addresses to me; and that after I had received his Visits, *Soil* wou'd come down and expose me, by discovering my Gallant, that I had prefer'd, to be only a Waiter at *White's*.—But this Fellow, who was really a French-

man,

man, was too cunning for us both, and went off with my Governess; with whom I have since discover'd he had concert-ed the Plan, when she went to enquire after him.

That Instant the Beadle opening the Door, interrupted her Narration; saying, that his Worship, Muster chief Constable, must speak with them both this Minute. *Junior* desiring the Lady not to be uneasy, went with the Beadle; but called of Mr. *Saltern* by the Way, to inform him of the Headborough's Message.

Mr. *Saltern*, who happen'd to know the Magistrate and his Family, begg'd *Junior* to pay a particular Regard to the chief Constable's Sister.--She was always present at all Examinations, and took vast State upon her.

Junior promis'd him he wou'd, and instantly went towards his Worship's; yet he cou'd not help wondering what the Magistrate wanted with him.—The Reader perhaps may have the same Curiosity:—We will satisfy him,—but it must be in the next Chapter.

C H A P. IX.

MR. *Illicit's* Bruises not suffering him to sleep, he lay ruminating how this Beating might be made profitable. He felt himself very sore, and wou'd have Smart-money :—But in the midst of his Pains, he had the Pleasure of thinking *Aprice's* Wife and five Children shou'd come to the Parish.

But how to get Money by all this?—He recollected the Fight began about a strange Gentleman,—therefore he decreed the strange Gentleman was the Aggressor : Ay, and the strange Gentleman shou'd pay Costs ; because, if the strange Gentleman had not been there, the Quarrel wou'd not have happen'd.

But how to prove Damages?—The Woman *Junior* reliev'd came into his Head ; something may be made of that. The Thought pleas'd him, he forgot his Aches, got up, put on his Banyan, and without staying for his Breakfast, went to his Brother-in-law's, his Worship, afore-mention'd.

Mr. *Oatley*, the Magistrate, had been a *London* Chairman, and plied at *St. James's* ; but marrying a Publican's Widow

dow who kept a Night-cellar, they left off Business, being well to pass; and came down into the Country to settle near his Brother-in-law's: And being, as he declared, brought up at Court; which he took care to let every body know, when he first came down in the Country, (tho' not what Character he acted) was look'd upon among his Neighbours, as a very extraordinary sort of a Man, and invited to a great many rich People's Houses; for he cou'd tell all about St. *James's* and the Royal Family; knew to an Hour how old my Lord Duke was; to the tenth of an Inch, how high my Lady *Jane's* Shoes were; what colour'd Silk the Dutchess's Chair was lined with; when such a Countess cut her Nails; what Snuff the Prince used, and how the King's Shoemaker took Measure of his Majesty.

Mr. *Oatly* had not heard of the Fray, and was surpris'd to see his Brother's Eyes black, his Face swell'd, and Lip with a Patch on't.—He began to wonder at such a Sight, and observ'd such Things were never suffer'd at Court.

Mr. *Illicit*.

Look ye Brother, these Things shall appear at Court, in a Court of Law too. I had like to have been murder'd by

VOL. II. E that

that Rascal *Aprice*, and two or three more of them; but I'll do for that Excise Fellow I warrant him;—but that a'ant all. Here are two Sharpers come to Town, they put up at the Crown, one of um pretends to keep his Bed by a Fall, and t'other has pick'd up a Mistress, and there's some Scheme in it.

Mr. *Oatley*.

Like enough, like enough, I've met with such Things at Court very often.

Illicit.

Now you must know, Brother, I'd have you send for this Fellow and examine him, and the Woman too; for he gave her five Guineas Yesterday, and this is a Case requires explaining.

Oatley.

Nay, this is extraordinary; for when I was at Court, we us'd to observe where Money was given, there was always some Mystery.—Therefore the Chief dispatch'd his Beadle for *Junior* immediately.

Just as the Messenger went out, Madam *Illicit* enter'd; and the Moment she saw her Brother, and Husband, she points to her Spouse's Face; crying out, here's a pretty Figure for you;—this is keeping Company with Strumpets,—yes, Brother, my Husband is now always at the

Crown

Crown with that brazen-face Landlady, and so I suppose some of her Bullies beat him.

The Husband call'd for Silence, the Brother call'd for Silence, but neither his Worship's Authority, nor the Authority of Mr. *Illicit* were equal in Power to her Voice; she stamp'd, she roar'd, she scolded:—They stood staring motionless; as if unawares they had glanc'd on *Medusa's* Head; till her Breath, Voice, and Spirits being exhausted, she sunk like an expiring Heroine, mute into a Chair.

Just then, the Beadle introduc'd *Junior*, saying, that Gentleman is his Worship, Sir, with one Eye.

Junior.

Sir, I receiv'd a Message to come before you, but shou'd be glad to know what Right you have to send for me, or any other Gentleman, as suspicious Persons.

Madam *Illicit*.

Yes, Sir, my Brother has a Right, he's a Magistrate.

Mr. *Chief*.

Pray give me Leave, Sister,—hem,—hem,—Sir,—I have had the Honour of belonging to Court many Years; there-

76 THE HISTORY OF
fore do you see, I know Right and
Wrong, Sir.

Junior.

By all Means, Sir, but give me Leave, Sir, first to plead my Excuse, in not paying a proper Respect to that Lady, who I am certain I have had the Pleasure of seeing at St. *James's*; for there is an Air inseparable to true Quality, which Country Ladies may endeavour to imitate, but never can come up to.

Madam *Illicit*, bridling up her Head, gave him a slow low Curtesey, wink'd upon her Brother, turn'd up her Nose at her Husband, and with contracted Mouth, hiss'd out, she was sorry her Brother shou'd send for so polite a Gentleman, so *Mellopropo*.—To be sure the Town Air was to be observ'd with half an Eye, both in Ladies and Gentlemen; except it was by some People, who had (a Look at Mr. *Illicit*) no Taste, and could prefer low-lif't Inn-keepers Wives, to Persons who had suck'd in the Court Air with their Milk.

Mr. *Illicit*, who sat chewing the Cud of Resentment, told his Brother;—you know you have a Right of Examination; I say, and insist on't, that not only this Person be ask'd to give an Account of himself, but——

Junior.

Junior.

Pray, Sir, in which of the Statutes?—

Illicit.

Pray, what do you know of the Statutes? Ha.

Mr. Chief.

Hold, Brother; as you say I have a Right of Examination, why do you pretend to examine any body before me?

Illicit.

Brother, this is out of your Way.

Mr. Chief.

What's out of my Way, ha? You are a very pretty Fellow indeed, to say Examination is out of my Way, ask my Character at Court.—

Illicit.

You don't understand me, Brother.

Mr. Chief.

I hope, Sir, I have as much Understanding as you, and have kept better Company.

A Note just then came from Mr. *Saltern*, directed to the chief Constable; the Contents were as follows.

Mr. *Oatley*, I wou'd have you be extremely cautious concerning your Proceeding against the Gentleman at present before you.—He is travelling in cog. and is one of the Lord's of the Bed-

chamber to his present Majesty :—I'll bail him for Twenty-thousand Pounds.

Yours, *Saltern*.

Mrs. *Illicit* was leaning over the Back of his Worship's Chair, to read the Note, when Mr. *Oatley* rising hasty, his Head met her Forehead ; it whisk'd her round, and down she sunk. This the Chief never minded, but kept bowing and complimenting *Junior*, desiring him to take the arm'd Chair.—The Attorney star'd like a Man just gorg'd with a large Bumper :—His Brother turning about, told him he was sorry to say it, but he was a very impertinent Fellow—for all you're my Brother ;—and I hope, my Lord,—you are a very impudent Dog, Sirrah.—I ask ten thousand Pardons, my Lord.—Mr. *Illicit*'s Spouse, who had by this Time recover'd her Senses from the Blow, and was rising up to wreak her Revenge ;—but hearing the Word Lord mention'd,—she smooth'd her Cap,—shook her Petticoats,—and sideling round, simpering ; she ask'd his Lordship's Pardon for her Husband's Ill-mannerdness ; and hoped his Honour wou'd accept of Mr. *Illicit*'s asking his Honour's Pardon.

Junior, who grew tired of the Farce, insisted on no more Mention to be made of
of

of it, and took his Leave: The chief Magistrate, and Madam, the chief Magistrate's Sister, ushering him to the Door with Bows, Curtsies, Apologies, Prayers, and Praises;—the Attorney walking backwards and forwards all the Time almost frantic, like an outlaw'd Smug-gler just taken.—There let them rest, while we attend the more interesting Scenes of this Miscellany.

C H A P. X.

TH E Head and the Heart are distinct Organs: A Writer therefore, in his Address to each, shou'd vary his Manner and Matter. But as the Editor acknowledges himself but indifferently provided with Head, he begs Leave to continue this History in the same Stile it began, and hopes the Reader will accept of an unbellish'd Relation of what befel the Lady after *Junior's* Departure.

For some Moments she sat silent, her Hands cross'd upon her Knees, lost in Thought.—A loud wrap at the Door rous'd her; in burst a Shoal of Ladies,

rural-bred,—no Apology,—for, in the Country, Familiarity is the Grammar of good Manners.

They had all the Morning flirted from House to House, and Snow-ball like, gathered as they went forwards,—all agog to hear, what the two Gentlemen were; who the Woman was; and who father'd the Child.

After they had collected the whole Troop of Female-inquisitors; it was, *nem con*, agreed to pay Goody *Wen* a Visit, and ask her new Lodger several Questions. They enter'd crowding, giggling, staring, and curtsy'ing, all speaking together.—I hope no *London* accomplish'd Lady will be offended at my Supposition, that the Female Folks of Country Hamlets may be a little in Taste.

I have heard it asserted (how true it is I know not) but that in some Country Towns, there are broad Starers, loud Talkers, scandal Spreaders, deep Intriguers, keen Gamesters, husband Haters, religion Scoffers, &c. &c. &c. &c.

Indeed ye true town-bred Toasts, as ye have not a Patent for your several high Qualifications,—why shou'd you wholly possess them?—Ye do not,—they have

have found their Way into the Country, as well as flounc'd Petticoats.

Just as they had address'd the strange Lady, *Junior* return'd, and put an End to the scrutinising Party. They look'd a little silly, or so; begg'd Pardon, made several short Curtsies, like *May-day* Milk-maids, huddled to the Door, each striving to be first out, as if the House was on Fire, and tittering, whispering, pushing, pinching, and shrieking, run into the Street, like School-boy's in breaking-up Time, leaving the Lady to continue her Relation uninterrupted.

Continuation of the Lady's Story.

At a Place call'd *Chantilly*, was I left without a second Necessary, and but a single Guinea in the whole World. I acquainted the Landlady with my Misfortunes; she endeavoured to comfort me, and the next Morning came to let me know, that there was an *English* Gentleman who desir'd to be introduc'd to me.

How did I rejoice to hear there was any of my own Country there; I who had so lately despised every Person in it. So true it is, what in Prosperity we most

flight, in Adversity we first fly to for Succour.

As soon as I had sufficiently recover'd myself, the Gentleman waited upon me; offer'd me his Sword, his Fortune to make me easy;—let me know he was a Man of Fashion, and begg'd Leave he might have the Honour of conducting me to *England*, or where else I thought fit.

There was something I thought so noble in his Manner, I accepted of his Offers, and he attended me to *Dover*. From thence I wrote to an elderly Lady, an Aunt, the only Friend I cou'd depend upon.—For she had in her Youth suffered for her Fondness for your Sex, and was therefore most likely to pity my Indiscretion.

Being oblig'd to wait for an Answer, the Gentleman who came over with me begg'd Leave to visit me while I staid there.—I cou'd not refuse him; his Behaviour was most respectful, his Conversation very engaging, his Actions so disinterested, and his Expressions so very tender, I esteem'd him.—Ah, when once a Lady thinks highly of any of your Sex, it is the Gallant's Fault if he does not receive the last Proof of it.

This, Sir, was my Case.—Out of Gratitude I confess'd to him, he was not
indifferent

indifferent to me, but he wanted immediately rudely to avail himself by that Acknowledgment.—Thus Mankind behave generally too eager, or too insensible; seldom knowing how to make a proper Use of our Concessions. What I intended as a Present to his Disinterestedness, he wanted to command by an Act of Power—he was deceived—he lost me by the Scheme that he laid to possess me.

I escaped—refused to see him, and the next Day he arrested me for Money laid out for my Use. An Answer to the Letter which I had sent arrived that very Day, and seasonably relieved me; unexpectedly for my Creditor I paid his Demands, and set off, without seeing him, for my Relations.

Lady *Veltry* was one of those very good Ladies, who dedicate most Part of their Time to the making up and administering Medicines to the Poor; and I had not any better Amusement, than, like a Pupil at the Hospitals, to attend upon her.

This I soon grew fatigued with—then I used to weary myself with sauntering backwards and forwards under a long Elm-walk Rookery. Visitors we had none, and as to Books, all that her Ladyship would allow in her Library, treat-

ed upon Drugs and Diseases, and the several Symptoms of each Distemper; yet even these, for Want of Employment, I began to read over; but the Effects they had on me were terrible, not a Disease they mentioned, but what I soon fancied I was attacked with.

The first Volume I turned over was a Treatise upon Cancers, and the very next Day I happened to have a Pain in my Breast, which alarmed me; a Discourse upon Consumptions cured me of my Concer; but then I dreaded an Ulcer upon my Lungs, those Prognostics were removed by an Account of the Gravel, which made me expect a Fit of the Stone. A Volume of dropical Cases fell next into my Hands, they dissolved the Stone indeed, but fixed me in a very watry State—but a Book concerning the Eyes restored me to Health, tho' it gave me great Reasons to fear a *Gutta Serena*.

I was obliged to leave off reading, for Fear of its being prejudicial to my Sight; and just then Lady *Veltry*'s only Son arrived from *Italy*. As soon as I saw him, I felt an Uneasiness I could not account for; at first I only imagined it to be a Compassion for his Youth.

He had a Delicacy of Figure, that I am certain would prejudice any of my Sex that saw him in his Favour. I often pitied him in secret, to think what Dangers from the Debaucheries of *London*, a Gentleman of his Rank, Fortune and Spirits was exposed to.

But I soon was alarmed at my own Condition. Involuntary Sighs, sudden Flushings, Palpitations of the Heart, unaccountable Anxiety and Tremors; Days wasted without breaking my Fast, and Nights without Sleep; the Symptoms frightened me. I flew to my Physic Books, but could not find my Case in any one Author.

A Self Examination proved I was in Love; I thought I had been so with that *French* Impostor, but found now that was only Pride. I had never before suffered those tender Sensations, those Uproars I then every Day experienced. I delighted in the Discovery, and indulged my Distemper; consulted my Glass, and was assured by that Oracle I should succeed; but I lost my Time; I despised both him and myself; him for his Insensibility, me for my Want of Power.

A few Days after his Arrival, as we were sitting at Breakfast, the Conversation

tion happened to turn upon Love and Beauty. He very carelessly declared, he looked upon Love, only as a poetical Rattle, invented to amuse over-grown Boys and Girls with ; and, as to beautiful Women, they were like *Dresden* China, pretty Pieces of ornamental Furniture. I was choaked, could scarcely keep my Seat ; but Lady *Veltry*, not being so immediately concerned in the Reflection as I was, had Power to go on ; desiring him to be explicit concerning Matrimony ; hoping, she told him, to see him wed before she died, to his and her Wishes.

He fixed his Eyes full on her Face, shrugged up his Shoulders, starting from his Seat, and turning round with such a Smile, as some Ladies express Hate by ; he replied, dear Mem, you're vastly good, and I'm immensely obliged to you. It is become quite the Thing, to be sure, for Men of Fashion to be hummed into one Piece of Folly or another. I am not to be out of Taste, I find ; positively, my Lady, I doat upon your Advice. And, as I find marrying and keeping a Pack of Hounds are much practised at present, I believe I may mortify myself so far, as to build a Dog's Kennel—but, as to Matrimony—no—

I'll

I'll not come into the Buck-basket.
And turning upon his Heel left the
Room, singing Part of a Concerto.

We looked upon one another like two
Travellers who had lost their Way; I
began to entertain a mighty Contempt
for his Understanding, yet I admired his
Figure. I was certain he was a Fool,
yet I could not help loving him. Men
of many Words may reconcile this Pa-
radox; all I can say, is, I felt it to be
true.

When I retired to my Chamber, I
found a thousand Excuses for his Beha-
viour. I recollected an Intimacy, a ve-
ry particular one, between this Gentle-
man, and the Person who pass'd for his
Valet; they dressed much alike, they
were not unlike in Figure. The Valet
never sort'd with the rest of the Servants;
and several Expressions his Master made
use of to him, made me conclude, that
this Servant was some young Lady,
whom he had stole from a Nunnery.—
I had often read of such Things, and
that it was owing to this Connection, he
seemed so averse to Marriage.

Lovers, Sir, altho' they may be mis-
taken in Point of Judgment, are gene-
rally very quick-sighted; at least, so we
are apt to flatter ourselves. As soon as
I had

I had made this Discovery, I enjoyed greatly my Penetration. I exulted on the Sagacity I fancied myself possessed of, I pitied the young Lady, wanted sadly to hear her Story, and resolved generously to make a Sacrifice of my Passion to my Rival.

With this noble Disposition I went to sleep—Pity, indeed, we cannot be so dispassionate, or irresolute, as we wish to be. All my fine Flights of Disinterestedness vanished in the Morning, and, as soon as I saw the Valet, I wished the Creature out of the House.

That very Afternoon, as I was in my Dressing-room, I heard in an adjoining Chamber Lady *Veltry's* Son, and his Valet; a Division in the Wainscot gave me an Opportunity of seeing them without their discovering it. I could not resist the Temptation of looking thro' the Crevice; there I saw them embrace each other with vast Fondness, my Conjectures were then past doubt; but, good God!—in a few Minutes after, excuse me, Sir, (turning my Face away) I found the Wretches to be both of the same Sex. Shocked and trembling I hurried out of the Room, rushed down Stairs, and, at the Bottom, I fell into a fainting Fit. One of our Servants luckily crossing the
Hall

Hall at that Moment, recovered me. Too detestable is this Subject to dwell upon. I told what I had seen, and the Pair of *Catamites* were seized. When Lady *Veltry*'s Son came before her Ladyship—so far from being daunted at the Discovery, he gloried in it; pronounced it superb Taste; and pretended to vindicate himself, by vast Fashion, and high Examples.

Lady *Veltry* would not hear him proceed; ordered him out of her Sight, took to her Bed immediately, and, in four Days Time, without ever suffering her Son to come near her, died in my Arms.—But here the Lady was interrupted by the following Accident.

C H A P. XI.

AFTER the Departure of *Junior* from the chief Constable's, Madam *Illicit*, whose Penetration could never enough be admired, discovered they had affronted a Lord; and that as how they mought be all ruined, supposing he had a Mind to sue them for *Scrambulum matum*.

Scan-

Scandalum magnatum, you mean, my Dear, her Spouse replied, very good naturedly; but sometimes it is unlucky to set Folks right. She began upon her Husband, saying, it was all his doing, by following of his Whores and Strumpets. Had not Mr. *Illicit* very prudently left the Room, upon the first Prognostic of the approaching Tempest, it might have been of fatal Consequence; fatal at least to every Thing brittle about the Room. Madam *Illicit* being one of the best tempered Women in the World, but rather too hot; and she would in her Heat of Passion throw any Thing that came in her Way—but then it was soon over, and she was very sorry for it afterwards, as indeed all hasty People generally are. Her Anger was ended the Moment her Spouse made his Retreat. She begged her Brother's Pardon for being in a Passion—but vowed she would, for her own Family's Sake, go and wait upon my Lord's Lady, for Fear worse should come on't.

Mr. Oatley approved her Intention.

But, first, she strictly enjoined her Brother to Secresy concerning the whole Affair: Herein imitating some of the mighty Men, who make Laws—not for themselves indeed, they act *ad Libitum*.

Thus

Thus this Lady, tho' she positively insisted upon her Brother's not opening his Lips about it, yet she could not help calling at three or four Neighbours Houses, to let them know what a Blunderbuss her Husband had been, and as how my Lord knew her the Moment she came into the Room; and that she was sent for to drink Tea with his Lordship and the Lady; and that she knew who the Lady was, and all about her—but, thank God, she was no Blab, and how if it hadn't been for her knowing my Lord, my Lord would have ruined her Brother and her Husband, for affronting his Lordship; but, that my Lord was her intimate Acquaintance.

Just as Madam *Illicit* came to Goo y *Wen's* Door, where *Junior* was earnestly attending to the fair Unfortunate's Narration, she met Mr. *Seap*, one of the Parish Officers, who was coming to pay the strange Lady a Visit; but not out of an idle, unwarrantable, or impertinent Curiosity; no, *Junior's* Liberality had been mentioned all over the Town; and, according to ancient gossiping Custom, was encreased by arithmetical Progression.—Therefore Mr. *Seap*, having the Good of his Parish at Heart, came to wait upon the Gentleman, to know concerning the

the Woman and the Child; not that he imagined they would increase the Town's Poor-rates; but Accidents that might happen, ought to be provided against; besides, as the Gentleman was known to be so generous a Gentleman, it was doing his Duty to try, at least, if by threatening the Wench about Secutity, he could not get *Junior* to make him a Present for the Benefit of the Parish.

Seneca observes, doing Duty is duplex.

There is a Duty we owe our Neighbours, and a Duty we owe ourselves.

Now, to attempt one of these Duties, Mr. *Seap* came invested with an Authority to punish or protect, as Justice should find it right, necessary, equitable and best. For Justice — but here I must beg Leave to observe, that the Symbols of Justice and *Janus* are quite wrong, and that they should be shifted.

For, as every School-boy knows, the Temple of *Janus* was relative to War and Peace; *Janus* should certainly be blind-folded; to shew, that War is sometimes but a Game of Blindman's-buff; and in Peace-making, we should take Care not to be hood-wink'd.

Justice should wear two Faces, one to smile at her Friends, with the other to frown upon her Enemies.

The

The Utility, Erudition, and Occasion of this Digression, will be a sufficient Atonement for its Introduction.

As the Superintendant of the Work-house was going to lift up the Latch, the Lawyer's Lady seized him by the Cuff of his Coat, and in a very hasty Sort of a Tone, demanded to know what he wanted in that House.

Seap.

I come, Madam, to look after some Parish Business.

Madam.

Then I insist upon knowing what that Parish Business is; for I and my Husband should know, because I and my Husband do most of the Parish Business.

Seap.

But, Madam, this is concerning a Woman and a Child, and you can have no Business.

Madam.

How, Sirrah, do you think me past Child-bearing? You Rascal—I no Business with Children—*Junior* was that Instant opening the Door, to know what was the Matter, when, at the very Moment, backwards Mr. *Seap* fell into the House, driven down by a violent Blow on the Nose, given him by Madam *Illicit*,

licit, for his Impotence, as she said, to contradict her in so vulgar a Manner.

Like a Corpse, ready for the Coroner's Inquest, Mr. *Seap* lay all at his Length, on his Back, cross the Brick-floor, which his Head had hit hard against. But Madam *Illicit*, regardless of his Fate, straddled athwart him unconcerned, and addressed herself to *Junior* and the Lady, with,

I beg your Honour's Pardon, my Lord, and her Ladyship's Honour's Pardon; but this Fello was a coming to insult your Honour's, and your Ladyship's Honour's Child—She was going on, impatient to express herself, curtsying at every other Word, to shew her Breeding, when poor *Seap*, in one of her Sinkings, seized her by the Gown-tail, and cut short her Compliments, by pulling her bump upon his Breast.

He lay breathless for some Time with the Blow, and she sat speechless for some Time upon him; staring wildly, confounded at her Disgrace; but *Junior*, who new enough of her Temper, to judge what must become of the Victim underneath her, lifted her up, and led her to her Ladyship; then assisted the Parish Officer; and by the friendly Interposition of the strange Lady, my
Lord's

Lord's Authority, Mr. *Seap*'s Submission, and three or four Glasses of genuine Coniac, Madam *Illicit* returned Home in good Humour, and Mr. *Seap* with her; leaving the Lady at Leisure to go on with her Adventures.

The Story of the Lady continued.

I fear, Sir, my Tale is already grown tiresome; the Remainder of it, I doubt, you will think more so; since I shall be obliged to mention several Facts, wherein the Vanity and Ingratitude of Mankind are conspicuous.—From what already I had known of your Sex, you must not suppose they could be much in my Esteem; and what afterwards happened to me, corroborated the Contempt I entertained for them; and was, as I then thought, a sufficient Excuse for the Manner in which afterwards they were treated by me. I wish what I have suffered might deter others from too much indulging the strong Sallies of their Imagination, and by my Example would remember, that they who attempt to make others ridiculous, always lay themselves open to Revenge.

All that Lady *Veltry* could leave from her Son, she gave me; and after her Decease,

Decease, in Money, Bills and Jewels, I found myself worth upwards of five thousand Pounds. As soon as the Funeral was over, I sat out for *London*. A Wheel of my Chaise giving Way on the Road, I put up at Noon-time at an Inn, a single House; upon the Bench before the Door, I saw a very neat dressed young Woman sit crying, her Arms had some black and blue Marks on them, and her Cap and Hat was in Disorder. I enquired of the By-standers, what was the Reason of her Distress? They told me, her Husband had been beating her; and just at the Instant he came back, a black, ill-looking Fellow; I asked him, mildly, the Reason of his using so pretty a young Creature so barbarously? He replied, surlily, she was his Wife, and no Body had any Business with her, but himself. However, I at last, by giving him some Money, pacified him. I took such a Fancy to the young Woman, that I brought her to Town, and kept her with me. She had been educated by her Parents on Purpose to go into Place as an upper Servant; her Father was a Jailor, where this Fellow of her's had been committed for smuggling, nay, outlaw'd; she took Pity of him, helped him to make his

Escape,

Escape, and went off with him. They had been rambling about the Country for six Months; he was a Tinker, and she was very ingenious; she made and sold artificial Flowers at the Gentlemen and Farmers Houses about the Country. But in the last Town they came from, a very rich Man wanted to be rather too familiar with her; she repulsed him, but her Lover would not give it over, went to her Husband, and proffered him a Sum of Money to sell his Wife.—The Fellow consented, and the Blows she had received, were because she would not comply. This Relation I could not help entering in my Account Courant against your Sex; and yet I own, Sir, I wished to meet with some Incidents, that would make me think better of Mankind.

In the Afternoon, a Man on Horseback called to my Postillion to stop; but just as he came up to the Chaise, his Crape dropped from his Face, and I knew him to be one of Lady *Veltry's* Servants, who had been discharged about two Months before; I then thought there was some Injustice in his Dismission; and I remember, at his taking Leave of me, I put a Moidore in his Hand, and to his Gratitude I imputed

VOL. II. F my

my not being robbed by him. The next Morning, my Servant came to tell me, that he was sure he saw the Highway-man in the Yard, that stopped the Chaise Yesterday, and asked my Leave to have him taken up. I was shocked at the News, and ordered him on his Peril not to say a Word, but sent my Woman with him down Stairs to find the poor Wretch out, and bid him get off—— They did so, and it gave me great Ease, when they told me of it; for I dreaded, if he was seized, that I must have taken an Oath in a Court of Justice upon Life and Death—— That Action, I knew, would sit heavy upon my Mind as long as I lived—to be accessary in hanging any Person, even tho' they deserved it, was what I could not reconcile to myself. It may be looked on as a foolish Woman's Prejudice, but I can no more get over it, than several of your Sex can their Tremblings at Cats, Cheese, and many other Antipathies.

That Evening, as I sat at Supper, I received a Letter directed to me. It surprized me, how any Person could send me a Letter as I was upon a Journey—but I could hardly fancy myself awake, or in my right Senses, when I found it

was

was from the Wretch, who, but that Morning, I cautioned to make his Escape——and that it was a Love-letter too——I read it over so often, it is not easy for me to forget it. He began with hoping my Honour wasn't frightened when he came up to the Chaise, for he wouldn't hurt a Hair of my Head for all the World; hoped I would pardon his Boldness in breaking his Mind to me. That, to be sure, he never could have had the Boldness to think, that so fine a Lady as I was, could have liked him so very much; not but that his Fellow Servants used to say, when he lived at Lady *Veltry's*, that young Madam (meaning me) took his Part very much—but, to be sure, Madam——(thus the Wretch went on) when you put the *Moi-dore* in my Hand, as I was leaving my Place, I thought you gave my Hand a Squeeze, and you have run in my Head ever since; and when, Yesterday, the young Woman told me, you advised me to get off, I was pretty sure you had taken a Fancy to me; so was resolved to let you know it. Tho' I have wore a Livery, Gentlewomen put up with that; and, as to my taking the Road, what can a Man do, that has been used to live well without Working? And there's

Cheating in all Trades, and every Body allows the Highway is as much a Gentleman's Profession, as playing at Cards.

You may suppose, Sir, the Answer I sent him—I never saw my Lover any more—but I kept his Letter, as a Master-piece of human Vanity.

As soon as I arrived in *London*, I began to put my intended Schemes in Execution, of making your Sex my Dupes; I did so. I used my Lovers as some Sportsmen do Game; lure, hunt, and toil them: But——

The Waiter from the Inn came just then, to let the Gentleman know, Mr. *Saltern* desired his Company to Dinner, which was taking up, and begged Mr. *Junior* would bring the Lady with him. *Junior* immediately went with the Waiter, the Lady promised to follow after Dinner was over. During the Meal, *Jack* let his Friend into as much of the Lady's History as he knew; and then went to Goody *Wen's* to escort her to the Inn. As soon as Mr. *Saltern* saw her, he could not help saying, *a Beauty, indeed!*——Mr. *Junior* told the Lady, he had related to Mr. *Saltern* all the preceding Part of her History—upon which, as there were only them three present, she thus concluded her Adventures.

What

What a Multitude of ridiculous Actions I did occasion several very wise Lovers to commit!

I must say this in Praise of Understanding, Sapience, Knowledge, or whatever other Title learned Folks know it by; that I found those my greatest Dupes, who imagined themselves too mighty to be made Fools of. Your real Coxcombs, Dunces and Impertinents, I could do nothing with—Fowlers might as well attempt to follow wild Geese by their Track. Yet let me do your Sex so far Justice; Ingratitude is not solely confined to the Masculine Gender—for my Woman, who had been my Confident in all my Schemes, nay, my Agent in most, whom I had rescued from the Blows of that Outlaw—she, Gentlemen, revenged your Sex.

For when I grew to be tired of making Mankind my May-game, she advised me to Matrimony—I had often thought of it myself, and, upon her Recommendation, admitted a rich *West India* Merchant, just arrived from *Jamaica*, to pay his Addresses to me—Oh! Gentlemen, they who will deceive, ought to be deceived in their Turns. I was so, and not to tire you with dull,

common-place Repetitions, I was a second Time trepanned.

Afterwards, but too late indeed, I found out the Villainy. My Woman had met in *London* her Fellow, whom I had rescued her from, and he persuaded her to be concerned in this Confederacy against me. They dressed up one of their Gang in a proper Habit, and introduced to me as a *West Indian*. Sure Villainy must severely suffer in the next World, it meets with so much Success in this. We were married; and, on my Husband's praising the Island of *Jamaica* to me, and the vast Profits that were made there by *English* Merchandize, he persuaded me to go with him, draw my Money out of the Stocks, and lay it out in Trade. We went over from *Park-gate* to *Dublin*, where one of his Ships lay, as he told me. Indeed he carried me on board a very handsome Ship, where I was treated with the utmost Civility, and lay in the great Cabin that Night. But, Gentlemen, think what my Surprise must be in the Morning, to find myself when I woke in the Arms of a Stranger. After much struggling, I sprung from him, but I had nowhere to shelter myself; the Ship I found was under Sail, and I was sent for a Slave
the

to the Plantations. The Captain of the Vessel, which was indeed a Ship that carried such unhappy Wretches over, told me, that I was represented to him as a common Woman of the Town; that the Gentleman I came on board with, was to be married to a great Fortune, but I persecuted him so, there was no Way of making two Families happy, but by contriving to get me out of the Way—I asked after my Trunks. He shewed me a Chest which was left for me—I had it broke open, and instead of Cloaths, it was filled with Straw, Sticks and Stones.

This, the Captain told me, opened his Eyes, and he believed that I was ill used—but, as the Wind was fair, should he alter his Course to set me upon Shore, his Owners would ruin him; but he would take Care of me; he swore, and begged Pardon for getting to Bed to me—but since what was done could not be undone, he supposed there was no Harm, he said, if I and he stowed in the same Birth together.

What could I do, Gentlemen, in these most wretched Circumstances? He added, that when I came to the *West Indies*, I should live like a Lady; that he would bring me safe back again, and that if it

cost him all he was worth in the World, he would find out the Villains who had wronged me.

For the Remainder of the Voyage we lived together ; and when the Ship came into Harbour, he fulfilled his Promise of behaving to me like a Man.—He sold me for a three Years indented Servant ; having persuaded me to sign a Paper before he went ashore, which he said was necessary for both our Securities to his Owners.

You may wonder, perhaps, Mr. *Junior*, how I had a Fortitude of Mind sufficient to endure such Shocks as these were. Indeed, Gentlemen, I cannot boast of what your Sex calls Stoicism—I don't know whether I am right in the Word, or no ; but I mean that Philosophic Armour of Indifference, in which the famous Men of former Times are said to have given Battle to the Passions.

Yet our Sex has a Shield that is our sure Defence, when we please to make Use of it. It is Spirit—and a Lady's Spirit, like a King's Prerogative, is absolute, we will do what we please with it.

I was taken by a Widow Lady, a Tawny-moor, to be her Waiting-woman. I had an easy Place of it ; only
now

now and then I was a little puzzled about chusing Ribbands to suit her Complexion——You smile, Gentlemen, upon my Honour it is true. Tho' her Face, Neck and Arms were exactly a Copper Colour, she spent three Hours every Day at her Dressing-table ; but these *Mulattos* are much more affected than *Europeans* ; at least, I fancy, if in *England* any ill-favoured Persons should take Pains to ornament their Faces, they would be stared at as Prodigies of Vanity, vastly odd Creatures, and such as don't appear above once in a Century.

My Mistress, tho' very old, as well as intolerably ugly, was incredibly rich ; several Persons, even of the best Families upon the Island, paid their Addresses to her (in this too I hope we differ from them.)

One Afternoon, as I was sitting by myself in the Dining-room, a Gentleman, who was the greatest Favorite my Mistress had, came behind me softly, and before I was aware, throwing his Arms round my Neck, gave me three or four Kisses (the first and the last Time he ever served me so) the old Lady entered that Moment, and took immediately such an Antipathy to me, that she was resolved to have me poisoned, those

Things are often, and very easily done there.

Had it not been for an *Englishman*, one of the Overseers of her Slaves, I had died a Victim to her Jealousy. By his Means, tho' it was attended with innumerable Difficulties, I made my Escape off the Island. He took me with him to *Hispaniola*, from whence we sailed for *England*; but on the *Cornish* Shore our Ship was lost; and tho' we sav'd several Things of Value out of the Wreck, the Country People came down, Women as well as Men, and plundered us of them all.

I wonder those Things are suffered in such a Kingdom as *England* is. I am no Politician, but really believe our Legislators know not that such Things are practis'd; or if they have heard of them, fancy them to be so much exaggerated, they are not worth attending to.

Mr. *Saltern*.

I have heard, that a Clause concerning the preserving of Properties in the Case of Shipwrecks, is to be tacked to the Bill for Preservation of the Game throughout *England*; for at present it is not only on the Coast of *Cornwall*, but on every County in this Kingdom, whose Land lies open to the Sea, where a Ship comes

comes on Shore, the Vessel is not only plunder'd, but the Sailors too often murder'd.

Lady.

Thus, Sir, it was they serv'd the Person who came over with me: As he strove to defend a Chest of valuable Effects, which he had purchas'd Abroad, he receiv'd a blow on his Head by a Club, from one of the Barbarians, of which Fracture he died. On the Day of his Death, I was brought to Bed of the Child Mr. *Junior* has so generously taken Care of, and with which Infant I have wander'd ever since, in a most miserable Condition.

It is almost incredible, what a Woman's Pride can make her capable of either doing or suffering. I don't speak Gentlemen like a Scholar, by Rote, 'tis only from Practice I draw my Observations; but when once it becomes acquainted with Want, it is sure to degenerate. Haughty Minds will suffer any Affliction, but Poverty; at least it was so with me; Necessity beggar'd me of Resolution, and my Spirit was sunk, like a decay'd Prop, crush'd by the Building it shou'd support.

C H A P XII.

IT is needless, I believe, to observe, that when a beautiful Woman relates her Distresses, the Audience (especially if they be of the Male kind) seem to sympathize in all her Sufferings. Each Man pretends to Pity, because he admires; and admiring, he hopes to do as others have done:—Tho' from the fair Relater he has already heard, that Man's unwarrantable Pursuits occasion'd every Misfortune she had endured.

Oh ye high and mighty Inhabitants of many Acres, why will you class Beauty as a Specie of Game? Destroy them accordingly, and boast of it afterwards? Yearly are many beautiful Innocents betray'd, and beggar'd; yet (except at the *Old Baily*) seldom is Man brought to a Sense of Shame for it.

N. B. No Apology is made for the above Piece of Morality.—It may not be altogether thought proper for the History; altho' it is very proper for the Historian. Did not we circulating Library Scribes, Imitators, and Plagiarists,

now

now and then, thus inform the Reader we had some Morals, they cou'd not easily find it out by the rest of our Writings.

Yet I hope to be allow'd, observing one Thing in Behalf of us Putters-together-of things, for the Amusement of the very indolent Part of the Public.

That altho' our Enemies say we have neither Morals, Learning, Money, nor Manners.—As to Morals, *vide* the first Part of this Chapter; and our Learning is elaborately shown, by our Quotations from the *Greek* Grammar; the *appropos French* Phrases we have selected from *Dictionnaire Royal*; and the many classical Lines, which with much Trouble we have help'd ourselves to out of what is call'd *Lilly's Sintaxis*.

Thirdly; as to our Manners, since Mr. *Hart* has taken upon him to teach grown Gentlemen, to be sure we are much more polish'd than before; we now and then receiving a genteel Lesson for writing a proper Advertisement.

Indeed, as to Money, I have nothing to say to it, in this ungrateful, illiberal Age: We Geniusses are no more minded than worn-out Women of the Town; nay, not so much, for they can turn Bawds, and keep the best Company;—
but

but who the Devil can we pimp for? The Muses are old Maids, and Prudes, and past Child-bearing; and we're too shabby, and shamefac'd, to say any thing to terrestrial Toasts.

What an unrewarding *Æra* this is? The World knows we have nothing to live by but our Wits, and they are resolv'd we shall have nothing more substantial to live upon. I remember, when a well-timed Pamphlet against either Party was Bread; and an Attack upon the Administration a Suit of Clothes certain. But there's nothing read now-a-days, but such a General beats the *French* there, and such an Admiral takes the *French* here; and this and that Island surrenders to the *English*; just like the old Stories we heard at School, about the *Grecians* and *Romans* conquering every body.

These things are so common, and *Englishmen* are so uncharitable, that if we were to waste the last Drop of our Ink in the Cause of our Country; in what part of our Country shou'd we be taken Care of, for it? Or tho' we wore our Pens to the Stumps in praise of roast Beef, we shou'd never get a Belly-full by it.

For

For my own Part, let Ignorance encrease, I resolve against publishing any more Things: I'll have my Bundle of Manuscripts buried with me, and say with *Scipio*, my ungrateful Country shall have none of my Remains.

Yet benign Reader, as I have a very capacious Family, and there are several outstanding chalk Accounts in the Neighbourhood against me, let me beg you'll give this Work a good Word; if it's only for the Sake of the old Maxim, since you have been taken in to buy it: Lend your Help to hum others; or you may praise it upon the same humane Principle, as some Masters and Mistresses will give 'Servants they Discharge (for male Practices) a good Character. Not that the Wretches deserve to be well-mentioned, but what can the poor Creatures do, either Authors or Footmen, if no body speaks for them?

That you may have something to praise me for, please Reader to observe the elegant Quaintness of Stile, which is interspersed up and down in several peculiar Phrases thro' this Compilation. Many more Hints, Sir, have I to offer you; but I believe, by the Help of this digressional Appendage, I have brought
this

this Chapter to a tolerable Length :
At least it will be, when I have added in order, that I have the Honour to be,

Friendly, tho' unknown Reader,

your most oblig'd,

most obedient,

and most Sincere

humble Servant,

The TRANSCRIBER.

C H A P. XIII.

THE Lady's Story, with her manner of telling it, made such an Impression upon Mr. *Saltern*, he offer'd her himself and Fortune, so genteely, she must have been guilty of the utmost Ill-manners, not to have accepted of at least one of them.

Junior had left them to themselves all that Evening, being entirely taken up with

with pacifying the Landlady, Mrs. *Belcy*. Her Husband had struck her that Day; an Action, which, as she said, was horrid to think of, and what he never before had ever dared to attempt; but she'd be reveng'd of him by all that was Good:—Vow'd never more to come between a Pair of Sheets with him, nor live longer in the same House: And letting *Junior* see she had five hundred Pounds in Bank Bills and Cash, he consented to go off with her the first Opportunity. For *Jack* knew by Experience, fine Women in the sporting Way, are better Tools than false Dice; more Money is got with them, and without the Fear of Detection, which sometimes cramps a fine-finger'd Fellow's Dexterity.

No sooner had *Aurora*,——no not so soon,—Day's Curtains had been sometime undrawn, and the rosy-finger'd Ladyship had taken her Pinch of Snuff after Breakfast, before the two Gentlemen and Lady met at the Tea-table.

Mr. *Saltern*, after making a proper Apology, inform'd Mr. *Junior* he wou'd postpone his intended *Welch* Tour, until his Return from *London*; for which City he intended instantly to set out, and with this Lady's Consent, set her down safe there; and assist her to make an
Appearance

Appearance worthy her Family and Breeding; begg'd Mr. *Junior* wou'd meet him in Town; which *Jack* promis'd without Hesitation.

When every Thing was concluded, off rattled the Post-chaife, with Messrs. *Saltern* and Company; and at the same Instant, into the Yard came limping a broken-knee'd Hackney, whose Sides and Shoulders look'd like an ill-flea'd Bullock; upon his Back, sat sideling, almost incrustated with Dirt, a tall thin Figure, meagre-fac'd, whose white-paper'd Curls hanging down his bloodless Cheeks, made him yet look more ghastly: He pitch'd his Voice in the proper Key of understrapping Authority, and bawl'd about him, Ostler, Landlord, Cook, Drawer, and Tapster; ordering some burn'd Wine for himself, warm Stables for the Horses, and a Fire in the best Parlour for his Honour.

Away burst the Servants, hurrying here and there, like a Parcel of disturb'd Ants; when on a sudden, they heard the Horses trampling in high Trot along the Street, and dextrously turning under the Gateway, up the Yard prancing, appear'd a nice harness'd Set of sleek-coated chesnut Geldings, rolling in their Rear a *French* varnish'd Vis a Vis; out
of

of which nimbly skipp'd Sir *Tasty Flash*, Lady Dowager *Grotto* follow'd him, cautiously stepping down between Landlord, Landlady, three Chambermaids, two Drawers, and Tapster, regularly rang'd at the Door of the Carriage, as a Ship's Side is mann'd for the Entrance or Exit of a great Personage.

Junior was by his Profession Company for a Man of Fashion; and being intimate with the Baronet, no wonder they were rejoiced to see each other.—Sir *Tasty* had been down to take Possession of an Estate, about fifty Miles farther to the West. The Baronet introduc'd *Junior* to Lady *Grotto*. Her Ladyship receiv'd him with a Politeness due to her Son's Recommendation; declaring she shou'd be proud to have the Pleasure of cultivating an Acquaintance.—There was something in *Junior*'s Figure not displeasing;—but of this more hereafter,—or perhaps not.—But we must mention, Sir *Tasty* fell in Love at first Sight with the Landlady,—cou'd talk of nothing else all Dinner-time;—smoak'd the Reason of *Junior*'s being there;—desir'd *Jack* to take a Turn in the Garden with him; and the Baronet then told him, he'd give 500 if he had her in *London*.

A sudden Scheme came into *Junior's* Head, on hearing Sir *Tasty's* Offer — But the Reader must excuse me if I don't discover it ; since, as *Jack* did not put it in Execution, it is not proper any one else should.

Alas, what do we gain by publishing all we know. I question, if even the indefatigable Patriot, born *Ann. Dom.* 1683, ever clears his Advertisements.

This Age is not the Age for Merit to set up his Equipage ; Genius is paid by the Day ; Bounty turn'd Election-hunter, and Reward fritter'd away among *****.

Yet let me for the Honour of these Times observe ;—no, let us rather observe Sir *Tasty* and *Junior*,—there they are, close together ; the Baronet leaning his Elbow on a Dial, playing his Brilliant in the Sun-beams, and *Junior* with folded Arms, resting himself against the Summer-house.

Sir Tasty.

Look ye, *Junior*, among Friends, I'm fond of her ; she's quite the Thing.—I've seen something between you and her, but mum. You know my dear Friend I know the World ; you have had her, I like her ; and he who won't part from his

his Woman to his Friend, has not a Drop of social Virtue about him.

Junior.

What makes you, Sir *Tasty*, imagine such a Thing is practicable?

Sir Tasty.

Come, come, don't be queer, don't hum; neither did you ever know a Woman that wou'dn't;—that's all. Pon Honnor I'll disburse, here's a Bill for Fifty, bring her up to *London*:—I know you're an honest Fellow. Hush, here's our Elders.

Enter Lady Dowager.

Mr. *Junior*, my Lady, has given me his Honour, he'll now and then kill an Hour this Winter with us in *London*.

Lady.

If Mr. *Junior* can find any thing there equal to his Merit.—

Sir Tasty.

You'll excuse me my Lady,—I believe we shall have more Time to say fine Things when we meet next.—*Will* I see is ready,—so Dr. *Jack* Adieu, as the Ghost says in *Hamlet*. Farewell, remember me.

Junior began now to believe there was such a Thing as being in Luck, and that he was the identical Existence, that Fortune

tune had fix'd on for her Favourite, with the Landlady. Under Pretence of taking an Airing, he gallop'd off; and after a few Days crossing the Country, to avoid Pursuit, they arriv'd safe in *London*; of which in about a Week more he inform'd Sir *Tasty*, not forgetting to enumerate the mighty Difficulties, and vast Expences, which attended the Undertaking.

Sir *Tasty*, all in Rapture, flew to him, caress'd him in the highest Manner, bid him command his Fortune, vow'd an eternal Friendship to him, and introduced him as his most intimate, at Lady Dowager's.

C H A P. XIV.

IN the Beginning of these Memoirs, or Collection of Paragraphs, the Editor promised a History of the human Mind, but never declared whether it was to be a Male or Female one. If he intended to describe a Lady's Inclinations, he flattered himself—

For where is the scientific Page, that can lead us to unravel the whimsical Workings of a fine Woman's Fancy?

Yet they themselves can account for the greatest seeming Inconsistencies of their own Sex's Behaviour, as easily as we form a cometary System. Nay, I heard several of their Opinions upon Mrs. *Belcy*, the Landlady's Case; who, tho' she went away with Mr. *Junior*, as we may suppose, for Love; yet, if she did grant Sir *Tasty* a Favour, or so, she was not so much to blame, as People might imagine her to be. This may, indeed (as the Lady said) seem odd to some strange Mortals, but they must be excessively ignorant, and shockingly absurd in their Ideas, to fancy a fine Woman could be constant. Besides, as Miss *Juliet*, the great Actress, observed,

Sir

Sir *Tasty* was a Man of Consequence, and perhaps rich as *Peruvian* Mines, and generous as Woman's warmest Wishes.

Mr. Deputy's Lady presumed, that *Junior* might grow cold, neglect her, and not give Madam *Belcy* so much of his Time as he ought, and she did it to be even with him: For as Revenge is sweet, this must be a very sweet Revenge — or perhaps (Miss in her Teens, sighing, remarked) that Sir *Tasty* might take at first some unbecoming Advantage, and hinted something about a Masquerade, that terrible *Auto-de-fe* to *English* Chastities.

Harry Hetzell, an Intimate of the Editor's, hit off the true Reason at once — saying, the Landlady thought, that two Friends, like two Heads, would be better than one; that Emulation is Vigour's Whetstone, and a Lady who has only one Lover, is as ill served as a Town with but one Tavern in it.

To this Opinion the Transcriber signs, for she wanted as many Friends as she could get, to secure her from her Husband's Resentment; who, presently after her Elopement, broke up House-keeping, advertised her, and was on his Journey to *London* to search for her.

The

The Baronet, tho' very vain, had not yet talked of his Mistress either at the *Star*, *King's-Arms*, or *Shakespear*; whether out of Regard to *Mrs. Belcy*, or Fear of her Husband, is undetermined. He had Subtlety enough to have every Thing transacted in *Junior's* Name, and every Thing was perfectly easy with *Jack*, as if he had been her Husband. Indeed, he came Home but seldom; he was eternally at my Lady Dowager's—he was her Ladyship's Right-hand—And he also became equally necessary to *Miss Fash*, who was but just recovered out of a Fit of Sickness, which *Tom Fool's* Banishment had occasioned.

Every Day Lady *Grotto* was obliged to pay or return Visits, Mr. *Junior* stayed at Home to divert *Miss Fash* at Piquet; for, since her last Illness, Cards were ordered her, by way of Alterative.

Grief, as Mr. *Vellum* very slowly observes, is two-fold; 'tis like Cinnabar, natural and factitious; and Sorrow is dry. Drink therefore is held by some, as a wonderful Panacea; in Catholic Countries, a Cloister is the Specific. Hanging, drowning, and shooting are used by the good People of *England*; but as they are only quack Experiments, not slaying

secundem Artem, the Faculty have not admitted them into the Dispensary.

Card-playing is the best and most proper Cure, either for Love or Despair; provided the Patients are Persons of Condition. Miss *Fash* therefore applied herself incessantly to so certain an Absorbent.

Junior did not in every Party with her act consistent with the Character of a Gentleman; for when he wanted Luck, he made it. N. B. This is a Sort of a Secret, and, like some Phrases in Free Masonry, only known to the fellow Craft.

By Degrees her bad Run of Cards took all her ready Money; then she played upon Honour; next she pledged her Jewels to him; and, to redeem the Diamonds, she was forced to leave her Honour in his Hands.

Thus we read of infatuated Victims making Compacts with the Prince of *Pandemonium*, his sulphureous Majesty; and because he should allow them to appear in Splendor at present, give up to him for always, the only precious Thing or Part belonging to them.

O ye much reasoning *Literati*, Why will ye not do something more, than just tell us, like Guide-posts, the Way we have to go?—Why will ye not budge
your-

yourselves? Do but once, ye Dispassionates, hold in a dozen Hands at Hazard; take off your own Toast in a pint Bumper, or feel yourselves embraced in the dark Hour of Affignation; then ye would judge more like Men and Women of the World, and not expect we can become pure Philosophers on this Side Fifty.

By the Vigilance of Miss *Fash*'s Mama this Commerce was discovered. Lady *Grotto* surprizing *Junior* and her Daughter, in what she called unlawful Trafficking; but she resolved to prevent the Affair from being blown, therefore took the Gentleman to herself, and ordered Miss to prepare for her Marriage with Lord *Pillow*.

His Lordship was very polite, excessively good-natured, vastly complaisant, and inestimably well bred; if any Thing, rather too easy. Seldom speaking in Company; not but he was allowed to have a deal of Sense, only he had been often told, nothing could be worse than to affect Wit. Neither was he very curious, because Enquiries would have sometimes led him into Societies below his Birth; and a Man of Fashion should never have any Thing to say to the Vulgar. He was never guilty of any ill-

mannered Contradictions; but entirely regulated by the Advice of his Friends, Relations, and Domestics. What they told him to be Taste, he believed to be so. Was it either to build or pull down, to clump, or inclose, to subscribe, to furnish, to bet, to influence Elections, to buy Pictures, breed running Horses, or address a Lady.

In Pursuance therefore of their Councils, he paid his Attendance to Lady Dowager's Daughter; and Miss *Fash* not caring to disoblige her Mama, and as Necessity, not Affection, had occasioned the Intrigue between her and *Junior*, she gave his Lordship her Hand. The Wedding was solemnized with all imaginable Magnificence.

C H A P. XV.

A Return to Fool Hall.

ONCE more, my good Reader, well met at the Squire's. You see the Company are drinking Tea in the Saloon; we won't disturb them, they'll have done presently. Here's a fine green painted *Chinese* Back-bench—excuse my Boldness, but pray, be seated, and permit me to ask you two or three Questions.

Pray, Sir, how do you like this History?

Reader.

So—so—

Author.

Why, so—so—be it then: A deal of Pains has been bestowed upon it.

Reader.

Very likely, But, pray, to what Purpose? Would not your Industry have answered much better, had you employed it to improve yourself in that Business (whatever it was) to which your Parents bred you.

Author.

That is what I would have done, O most friendly Monitor, had I been

brought up to any. We would no more scribble, than poor Strumpets would strole the Streets, had we any Thing else to do.

Have you not seen Children raise Dams to stop a Kennel's filthy Current? Have you not also observed some grown Persons cut Tables, Dressers and Sticks to Pieces?—Alas! Boys making mud Walls, Men whittling Wood, and our patching up Pamphlets, are all from the same Principle; a simple Inclination to do something.

But as it is customary for Sculptors to chizzle their Names, Architects to make their Marks, and Painters to portrait their own Faces; so is it proper Authors, in some Parts of their Works, should give an Account of themselves; least, like *Homer*, our Patron and Preceptor, after our Deaths, seven or eight Parishes may go to Law, or Loggerheads, about paying our burial Dues.

To begin then with my own Account.

My Father—alas! I had a Father—but Lady *Fool's* Visitants are up, ready to promenade round the Garden. I'll postpone my own History, and go on with their's—This Way, gentle Reader, along that ever-green Hedge-row—
cross

cross 'twixt those Tulip-beds, and we shall meet them in the Music-temple.

Mr. *Fool* and *Junior* are earnest in Argument; *Junior* is lamenting the Insincerity of Mankind, the Depravity of Taste, Decay of Trade, Encrease of Taxes, Abuse of Power, and all the other trite Topics with which this Nation is now and then Pamphlet-bubbled.

Mr. Fool.

Excuse me, Mr. *Junior*, but there are Valetudinarians in the Body politic, as well as the Body muscular; and when the Breath of Rumour blows, it puts them out of Heart, and they believe the Nation's Constitution to be immediately incurable.

Then there are always too many anonymous Writers, who (like Quacks) must starve for Want of Business, had every Individual Understanding enough not to be imposed upon by their Forgeries; but they with specious Pretence of public Utility, like a Toad under Sage, spread their Poison unsuspected.

When Ladies and Gentlemen are upon a Visit together (in this Kingdom) the Conversation is divided, as it was at Mr. *Fool*'s. For while *Junior* and the Squire were deeply engaged in the Business of the Nation, the Ladies were as

earnest in expatiating upon Trolly, Garnet, Trimmings, *Dresden* Figures, Servants Carelessness, and *French* Varnish.

Lady *Pillow* endeavoured to ingratiate herself with Lady *Fool*, and she succeeded to Admiration. The City Lady was charmed to hear the late Miss *Fash* repeat the Particularities of *James's* Parish; and then, such elegant Notions as Lady *Grotto* had about fancying Furniture, and Notableness in domestic Management. They were prevailed upon by Lady *Fool* to stay a Month at *Fool-ball*, and *Junior* was included in the Party.

One Morning, after all this good Company had been there about a Week, Lady *Pillow* left her lonely, uneasy Bed, much sooner than is customary with the Delicate; her Mind was horribly disturbed; she fancied a Walk in the Garden would be of Service. There she happened to meet *Junior*, who, like her, had rose for the Benefit of Contemplation.

Her Ladyship, as they met, declared she must needs speak with him immediately. They came close to a many pillar'd Building, generally called the *Pantheum*; they ascended the Steps, she threw herself into a Cushion-covered Window-seat; and after three or four Sighs,

Sighs, which gave her animal Spirits sufficient Relief, she was enabled to deliver intelligibly the following Words.

Lady Pillow.

Mr. *Junior*, I find, that when a Lady has made one false Step, she's liable to trip all her Life after—You know the Obligations you have to me, I know the Connections 'twixt you and Mama—I must have Mr. *Fool*.

Junior.

My Lady——

Lady Pillow.

I don't care what becomes of all the World——hear me out. He can't love this City Creature he has married: Gratitude indeed. He has a grateful Spirit to all the World, but me—He behaves to her like an Angel—She loves him, but, indeed, what Lady would not?—Oh, Mr. *Junior*, help me—Mr. *Fool* shuns me—be but my Friend in this, all past Actions shall be forgiven; if not, by Heavens, tho' I myself sink in the Discovery, all shall be known.

Junior.

Will your Ladyship permit me to hear how I may assist you?

Lady Pillow.

You must commence an Intrigue with Lady *Fool*.

Junior.

What, Madam, when she loves her Husband?

Lady Pillow.

Your Sex are not always thus diffident of succeeding with ours—but that's no Matter—She has not Sense enough to love—no—I'll assist you, and let a Woman alone to win a Woman—I know her Foible—She drinks, Mr. *Junior*—Nay, you must have perceived her, since we have visited here, to have been sometimes on the wrong-side Reason. Leave me to prepare the Way, and be you ready to improve the Opportunity.

Junior vowed an implicit Obedience, and both well pleased, returned into the Breakfast Parlour.

There is a famous pantomimical Entertainment, called the Contention between Reason and Will; but tho' it is hourly performed by Mankind's Company of Comedians, yet the Players are not so perfect in their Parts as they ought to be, the Study being so very difficult.

Now on what is called the Theatre, Actors and Actresses may keep up their Consequences, just as they please, since they appear not in inferior Casts, but only now and then like Eastern Monarchs,

narchs, with all the Pride, Pomp and Circumstance of pageant Finery.

But we on Life's real, and various Stages cannot preserve the consequential Part of our Character; because, as we are obliged every Day to make some Part of an Appearance, it necessarily follows, that we must sometimes act out of Character.

Thus the once amiable Miss *Fash* became deceitful, and the careful Lady *Greensay* is metamorphosed into a Dram-drinker—once or twice in a Century such Things will happen. In her Husband the Baronet's Time, Lady *Fool* used to take a Cordial for Lowness of Spirits; and since *French* Liqueur became tip-top Taste, she grew fashionably fond of them; and indeed looked sometimes as if she had but a confused Notion of Things.

We don't say, tho' her Chaplain Mr. Rector did, that the Day she would go out to look out for *Tom Fool*, her Ladyship had been sipping.

C H A P. XVI.

AN Opportunity soon offered, which *Lady Pillow* did not neglect. The two Ladies had been one Afternoon *Tete a Tete* conversing together for two or three Hours; when a Walk to the *Indian Pavillion*, at the Bottom of the Garden, was proposed by *Lady Grotto's* Daughter.

Arm in Arm they tripped along; by Chance *Junior* was there; just when they were seated *Lady Pillow* started up, she had lost one of her brilliant Drops, begged to be excused, and hurried out to hunt for it.

Now came on the fatal Time for *Lady Fool* — Always, it is said, against the Death of noble Personages, the Universe is unshipped, Creation's Anatomy dislocated, and the Wheels of the World put out of Order. Monstrous Births, Multiplication of Suns, Showers of red Ink, dismal aerial Yells, and Jack-o-Lantern Dances are seen, heard, and wondered at.

Antient authentic History abounds with Omens, and modern Memorialists
throw

throw in a Prodigy now and then, just to grace their Annals with decent Horror.

For, as Mr. *Lee* says, when a great Man falls (i. e. one who has sacrificed about two Millions of Mankind, just to make himself a great Man) yet at his Death Creation feels a Loss, and Dame Nature, like a distracted Parent, tears herself to Pieces.

Is it then to be doubted, that at the Death of Lady *Fool's* Honour, the following Portents were forth-coming.

Cross the silvery shining Moon, a broad black Cloud spread like a mourning Veil, as it were in Sorrow for the Lady's Loss. Behind the Alcove, a Bittern with Bill ingulphed, deep in the reedy Ditch, sounded hoarse; the whooping Owl forsook its Ivy-tangled Cell; fluttering Bats fled forth, blinking Beetles doleful hummed their nightly droning Peal; the House-dog howled dreadful; croaking Toads crawled cross the smooth-mown Mead; a noisome Fog spread its unwholesome Vapour; growling Thunder rumbled over-head; the rustling Wind whistled hollow thro' the Rafters of an unroofed Barn, and a fast falling Shower rattling, pattered against the Sashes.

But

But in the very Honey-moon of this Intrigue — nay, before even *Lady Pillow* could reap any Advantage by it — it was destroyed. *Lady Dowager*, too well experienced not to take Notice of the slightest Neglect, discovered that *Lady Fool* had clandestinely possessed herself of *Lady Grotto's* Property in *Mr. Junior*; this the Dowager took Care to inform *Mr. Fool* of, nay, brought him to be Eye-witness of his own Disgrace, unperceived either by his Lady, or her Paramour.

Tom Fool burst into the Room, and in the Heat of Passion demanded Satisfaction; told *Junior*, he should wait for him by the old Chapel, and mounted his Horse immediately.

Jack Junior had a proper Quantity of fashionable Spirit, which empowered him to back a bad Action with a worse, in a few Minutes followed him out of the Room, where he was met on the Landing-place by *Lady Grotto*, who upbraided him with Ingratitude, for his wronging his Host. As for my Part, continued my Lady, your taking up with such a Person, after I have been weak enough to let you have any Thing to say to me, does not in the least pique me—not in the least, I assure you, *Mr. Junior*;

Junior; it only shews me what your Sex are, that's all; but I congratulate your Taste, to be sure, Sir.—*Junior* replied to her somewhat penitentially, and there would have been, it is believed, a Coalition of Parties presently; and, indeed it was what her Ladyship expected, had not *Junior* recollected, that his Honour lay at Stake, therefore he left her abruptly, went down to the Stables, enquired which Way Mr. *Fool* went; and hearing the Squire had Pistols with him, *Junior* borrowed a Pair from the Steward, and set forward after the much injured Mr. *Fool*.

Lady *Fool*, whom Surprise had stupefied, sat for four or five Minutes after the Antagonists had left the Room, like *Niobe*, just petrified; or, to make a more credible Simily, as when in the large Mansion, waiting the Family's Return, a sola-sitting Housewife pores over the melancholy Page of *Glanville's* Witches, the History of *Hobgoblins*, or some other such Dæmon-raising Work; as she reads on, her Blood more chilly circulates; an anguish Tremor agitates her Muscles; if then the Wind chances to blow ope her Doors, she seems fixed, as if froze speechless; all her

her Powers cease from Motion, even her Life indicating Eye alters not its Point.

Thus frighten'd, and frightful wildly staring sat Lady *Fool* upon the Bed-side; and as soon as she came to herself, she rung the Bell with the utmost Vehemence.—*Susan* enter'd on the Instant, with a Bottle of Citron Water in her Hand, judging that was what her Ladyship was in such a Hurry for. The Moment the Maid enter'd, her Ladyship wringing her Hands, cry'd out, oh *Susan*, what will become of me? I'm ruin'd *Susan*, I'm ruin'd, what shall I do?

Susan.

The Lord forbid Madam, but pray my Lady, how?

Lady.

O *Susan*, here happen'd to be Mr. *Junior* in my Room, I don't know how he came in, but I was taken with a Swimming in my Head, and he was lifting me from my Bed, just as my Spouse open'd the Door. And to be sure Mr. *Fool* flew into such a jealous Passion, I don't know what may be the Consequence; if he shou'd speak of it *Susan*, I'm ruin'd, [*Crying*] My Reputation, my dear Reputation's gone for ever.

Susan.

Dear, my Lady [*Maid Crying*] don't weep,

weep, I'm sure you'll break my Heart to see as how your Ladyship grieves yourself.—To be sure my Lady, my Master his Honour has too much Sense.

Lady.

O *Susan*, my Reputation, I shall never—

Susan.

Do pray, my Lady, sip up this Spoonful, just to recover yourself: To be sure my Lady, Reputation's very well among poor Folks, and we Servants when out of Place; but you are a rich Lady, and a fine Lady; and great Ladies shou'd always be above minding Trifles. There's my Lady *Grotto*, why now she wou'dn't take on so, and yet Mr. *Junior* and she are greater than they shou'd be, that I know.

Lady.

How *Susan*, are you sure of that.

Susan.

Yes, my Lady, I'll take my corporal Oath on't.—I saw something Yesterday between them, made my Flesh creep upon my Bones.—To be sure Servants shou'd hear, see, and say Nothing; so I resolv'd to do, only thought it was my Duty to tell your Ladyship.

Lady.

The Wickedness of this Age! My
good

good God! Cou'd I ever think Lady *Grotto* wou'd have done so.—What, bring Fellows for her filthy Intrigues into my House; if she had a Mind to play the Strumpet, cou'dn't she do it at Home?

Susan.

Indeed, my Lady, I never lik'd that laced Coat Fellur Muster *Junior*; and if as his Honour my Master shou'd come to any Harm by him.—

Lady.

O *Susan*, don't name it;—I shou'd never outlive it,—he's the best of Husbands.—Oh, if my Lady *Grotto's* Fellow shou'd kill him

Susan.

Dear, my Lady, shall I go and see for his Honour? Pray my Lady don't cry, do pray take this Tea Cup-full,—there my Lady, I'm sure 'twill do your Ladyship good:—Crying spoils the Eyes; and such fine Eyes too as your Ladyship has: For all the Gentlemen that come to our House say, Mrs. *Susan*, your Lady has lovely Eyes.

Lady.

Lord, how the Wench runs on.

Susan.

Indeed, my Lady, Grief brings on Wrinkles,

kles, the most fastest of any thing in the whole World ; and such pure White and Red too as your Ladyship has, and all natural too,—and that's more nor my Lady *Grotto* can say, for all she looks so Cherry-cheek'd.

Lady.

Oh, don't mention her *Susan*, but go for Mr. Rector, bring him to me immediately.

Susan.

Pray, my Lady, don't cry again, I'll go fetch the Parson—pray my Lady, be compos'd—I'll leave the Bottle with your Ladyship.—

[*Exit Susan.*

Now her Ladyship is left alone, her Eyes fast fix'd on the Bottle, like an Infant looking upon a Map. Her Spirits were frustrated ; she wou'd have reflected about herself, Mr. *Fool*, Lady *Grotto*, and *junior* ; but a sudden Pain shot cross her Stomach ;—she was oblig'd to have Recourse to her Cordial. Her Imagination began to be abominably hurry'd ; Crouds of complex'd Ideas disturb'd her ; faltering disjointed Syllables fell from her Lips ; inverted Shapes danc'd before her Sight ; along the Bed she sidelong sunk ; then heavy Sleep

Seiz'd

Seiz'd on each dizzy Sense, and clos'd
her conquer'd Eyes.

As *Susan* left her Lady's Room, the Maid was met by Lady *Pillow*; to whom the communicative Mrs. *Susan* related all Lady *Fool's* Distresses; informing the astonish'd young Lady, that whereby his Honour, her Master, had found that Fellur *Junior* along with my Lady; somehow the Squire took it ill, and so they went out in a Huff together, and God forbid there comes no Harm on't:—To be sure, as I told her Ladyship, Servants shou'dn't say much; but I think my Lady is but in a Disparation way herself, or else she wou'd never have sent me for our Chaplain to say his Prayers by her,—and away Mrs. *Susan* hasten'd down the Stairs, leaving Lady *Pillow* to recover herself by Degrees.—And indeed we must do the same to attend upon the Combatants.

Tom Fool rode out, determin'd upon Revenge, and *Junior* as determin'd follow'd him. Mr. *Fool*, hurry'd away by his Passion, spurr'd his Horse on, whipp'd, leap'd, and gallop'd. Persons who are very uneasy, do not chuse to suffer any thing to be at rest they have Power over.—The Place of Appointment was
about

about three Miles off: He soon arrived at it; and while he was there, amused his Expectation, by raising himself every now and then in his Stirrups, to look after his Adversary.

On the moral Rectitude of Duelling, the Reader may consult *Jacob Behmen*; —we have now no Time to do it, being oblig'd, as well as the Squire, to enquire after *Junior*; who, to do him Justice, rode out with a Resolution to give Mr. *Fool* Gentleman-like Satisfaction. For Gamblers, like Women of the Town, must have something of the People of Fashion about them, or they can never expect to be introduc'd into Companies, where they may make their Market. Now, as no Man can be a Man of Honour, that won't meet his Man, *ergo*, —every Man is a Man of Honour, that will; and for that sole Accomplishment, qualified to keep the best Company.

C H A P. XVII.

TO speak, is something so self-pleasing, that we are apt to talk, until we forget what we had to say. Thus it has happen'd to the Memorialist, whose Digression almost drove the History out of his Head, or else he wou'd in the last Chapter have inform'd the Reader; that after *Junior* had got out of the Park-gate, mistaking the Servants Directions, he turn'd to the Left, instead of the Right; and at a Distance perceiving something upon a Hill, which he imagin'd to be the old Chapel, Mr. *Fool* mention'd, he gallop'd up to it forthwith.

As he mounted the Hill, he observ'd it to be a large old stone-built Barn, and rode up in Hopes of meeting some Person to enquire his Way of.—He found a young Woman sitting at the Door, of whom he ask'd his Road; but she inform'd him she was a Stranger travelling towards *London*, and begg'd he wou'd bestow something upon her. Some Persons when they are ask'd for Charity, will give their Blessing, but no Money; others are more ready to part with their
Persons

Persons than their Cash. *Junior* was at this Time in a loving Disposition : The Girl look'd wanton, and wholesome, and they went in to the Barn together, hanging his Horse at the Door, as his Girl desir'd him.

That was what his very yielding Mistress wish'd for. She knew that behind the Barn her Man had hid himself, and was ready, as soon as the fond Couple had retired, to mount the Gentleman's Horse, and gallop off with it, according to the Plan they had contriv'd, as they saw *Junior* mounting the Hill. Her Fellow had but just been clear'd at *York* Sizes, for want of Evidence, and they were tramping it to *London* ; when *Junior's* Appearance gave them a Hint, to put in Practice the Scheme before-mention'd. It was executed with all imaginable Success, and *Jack* oblig'd to walk in his Boots above half a dozen Miles, before he cou'd find an Inn to put up at ; from whence he sent a Letter to *Lady Pillow*, to enquire how every Thing was at the Hall.

All was Distraction there : Mr. *Fool* had so endear'd himself to every Servant, by his Behaviour, that the whole House was in an Uproar, when it came to be known he went out with Pistols to fight

fight *Junior*. The Men went of their own Accord several Ways to seek their Master. But before this, Mrs. *Susan* had reach'd the Parsonage; where she found Mr. *Rector* deeply immers'd in electrical Experiments, endeavouring to discover an universal Nostrum.

For the Vicar, after the loss of Lady *Fool*, had given himself up entirely to the Study of the sublime Sciences; saying, like some other odd Philosophers, Women were unworthy a wise Man's Notice. As soon as Mrs. *Susan* saw him; she cry'd, Lord, Mr. *Rector*, you must come to my Lady immediately, she's all out of Sorts.

Mr. *Rector*.

If her Ladyship is out of Sorts, she must be electrified;—that attenuates, that stimulates——

Mrs. *Susan*.

It may be so, Sir, but our whole House is out of Sorts.

Mr. *Rector*.

Then the whole House must be electrified, as we fumigate against any epidemical Disease; or as Catholics in their Exorcisms sprinkle with holy Water.

Mrs. *Susan*.

I'm sure Water won't do her Ladyship any good, its too cold for her.—So Mr.

Parson

Parson you must come and talk about your Learning to her, for she is but in a so and so Way, I can tell you.

Mr. *Rector*.

Is she not ;—but I assure you, Mrs. *Susan*, I can restore her :—I have a Specific,—there it is ; [*pointing to the Machine*] with this I will do such Things, that were the great *Boyle* alive, he wou'd say to me, *Tu eris mihi magnus Apollo*.

Mrs. *Susan*.

But you mustn't follow, you must go along with me ; and I'll tell you what, Doctor, bring that Thing Umbob with you ;—it's like a Show, it may make my Lady laugh mayhap.—Mr. *Rector*, not caring to trouble himself with explaining any thing to *Susan*, only thought fit silently to despise her for her Ignorance, and order'd his electrical Apparatus to be brought after him to Lady *Fool's*. As Mrs. *Susan* and the Vicar cross'd the Closets, the Maid let him into some Part of the History, relating to Mr. *Fool* and *Junior's* going out together to fight.

When the Vicar, with Mrs. *Susan*, enter'd her Ladyship's Apartment, Lady *Fool* was dozing,—her Woman too hastily waking her, made her Ladyship start up affrighted ; and her Eyes opening upon

Mr. *Reſtor*'s uncouth Appearance, added to her Terror. Altho' he was a Clergyman, he had then nothing black about him but his Face and Hands; they were cruſted over by the Smoke of his Experiments, and Duſt of his Study; a true philoſophic Bronze, venerable as the Ruſt upon Medals.—He was a Man of too refin'd Notions to mind External. Superior to Form, and ſo much abſorb'd in ſublime Speculations, cou'd not conſult Dreſs, tho' he was to wait upon a Lady.—Muſt Man? Prerogative poſſeſſing Man, claſſically and contemplatively dignified; muſt he deſcend to think, to act, or wear Clothes like every-day appearing Mortals?—No, thus Mr. *Reſtor* answer'd Mrs. *Suſan*, who found Fault with his having a coarſe Flannel Night-cap on his Head, over which, Turban-like, a dirty Neckcloth was tied, and a much-worn red Bays Banyan cover'd the reſt of this Figure.

Lady *Fool*, ſtruck with the Sight, holding up her out-ſpread Hands, trembling utter'd,—My God! What's that? Jeſus! I hope you don't come to rob me? A more cool Imagination than her Ladyſhip's, might have been miſtaken in the Gentleman's Profeſſion. But convinc'd by Mrs. *Suſan* of her Miſtake, the

the Lady ask'd his Pardon; and bursting into Tears,—with—oh, Mr. *Reſtor*, I'm frighten'd out of my Wits.

Reſtor.

I opined, indeed, your Ladyship's Understanding was insane, from the Incongruity of Apprehension, you juſt now was guilty of,—but *nemo Mortalium*——

Lady.

Dear, Mr. *Reſtor*, don't talk of Mortality now, I have been dreaming of Death's Heads and Plumes of Feathers.

Reſtor.

Give me Leave a Moment, my Lady, to conſult with myſelf upon your Caſe,—and immediately he threw himſelf into a meditating Attitude. He was like moſt of his book-learn'd Brethren; of an unforgiving contemptuous Spirit. She had taken him for a Felon,—that he cou'd not paſs over,—but reſolv'd to let it reſt for a while, eſpecially as he concluded her to be delirious; therefore he determin'd to ſooth her by ſoft Perſuaſion, until his experimental Engine came; then he design'd to cure her by Electriſication, and publiſh her Caſe with all the concurrent Circumſtances; and thus at once gratify the two moſt indulg'd, the meaneſt of all the Paſſions, Vanity, and Revenge. Setting one Hand by his

Side, and extending the other, he made with it a Sweep from his Nose to his Knees ; at the same Time pawing forth his right Leg and Foot, nodded his Head ; his Bow finished, he stood erect again, cough'd, hemm'd, and thus oratorized.

St. *Austin*, *Seneca*, *Cardan*, *Boetius*, *Plato* and *Epicætetus*, have discriminately, my Lady, elucidated to us the Prevention of Grief ; and what *Tertullian* tells us upon that Head is worthy Observation. Grief is in itself, as St. *Chrysostom* says, an Antithesis to Joy ; therefore the Poets have defined Sorrow to be joyless, or abstracted from Mirth. Hence, by the Constriction, as well as Construction of the glandulous Valves, stimulated by the Diaphragma's Suspiration, the animal Spirits are jaculated into the lachrymal Ducts, which occasions Tears.

Lady.

No, Mr. *Rector*, it is Fear for my dear Husband's fighting a Duel, occasions my Tears.

Rector.

Pity it is, that Duelling should be the Men of Mode's Nostrum, when Electrifying is so much a safer Panacea. I am, my Lady, conscious of as much innate Bravery, as it is possible for any Man to possess ;

possess; but must I put my Life upon the impelled Velocity of a Bullet? Or suffer my Heart to be a horizontal Mark for the acute Point of a Rapier to perforate.

Lady.

Oh! Mr. *Reclor*, how can you talk about killing, when that dear Creature, my Husband, may a be murdering this Moment.

Reclor.

Madam, if his Honour should be destroyed, I shall be as much concerned for him, as a Philosopher ought to be—the Man who kills him must be hanged, and your Ladyship must be electrified.

Word was brought him, that his electrifying Apparatus was come; he bid it be brought up Stairs, and began to set it in order. Her Ladyship, who had never seen any of that Sort before, stared and asked him if he could answer her, *Susan* bounced into the Room, over the Machine she tumbled, crash! the glass Globe fell to the Ground, poor *Susan* rowling about among the Pieces, sprawling, kicking and shrieking; but up she soon scrambled, and ran at Mr. *Reclor* open-fisted; crying, Curse your Rattling Traps—she scratched, she tore, she bit

H 3

him,

him; he calling out piteously all the while, and at the same Time my Lady bawling herself black in the Face, with bidding *Susan* leave off; but nothing could stop her Rage, but an Inability of Breath. As soon as she was out of Wind, the suffering Vicar arose, bald-pated, his Band torn, his Nose bit in two Places, and his Face and Breast covered with Blood that came from *Susan's* cut Fingers, which she had mangled among the Bits of broken Glass.

My Lady could not bear to look upon Mr. *Rector*, but begged he would go immediately to the Surgeon's, for she vowed he looked horridly shocking, and vastly frightful. The Chaplain at that Moment casting his Eyes upon the Looking-Glass, gave a great Groan, and ran down Stairs, crying out, a Doctor, a bleed to ~~Death~~ God's Sake. Oh, I shall of me will be; mine is no common Loss, the World will miss me. O that I had but published my *Electrics*; then I should have existed to After-ages, with *Bacon*, *Newton*, and the rest of my brother Geniusses, like me, *Britons*, like me, Philosophers; but ah, unlike me in Fortune.—What, must I die ignoted? Die so?—Ay, so—that's it.—Die
scratched

scratched to Death — What, a Death for a Scholar?—I feel the Venom of her Nails now in my Nose, the Poison ascends to the Olfactories, the Cellulæ of my Brain will be loaded, and I shall be distracted ; yet, bear Witness, Neighbours, I won't forgive her.—More he would have said, had not a Surgeon been luckily at the Hall, under whose Care we shall leave the Vicar, and wait upon her Ladyship, who was curious as the Reader may be, to know the Reason of *Susan's* abrupt Entrance.

We have already taken Notice of the Confusion all the Family was in at Mr. *Fool's* being missing ; and that the Servants went several Ways to seek him. Now the Steward happened to be at the very Inn where *Junior* came to.

The faithful Domestic had him seized, and carried him before a Justice for murdering Mr. *Fool* ; and as he could not give a very satisfactory Account about his Horse nor himself, he was committed to Prison. — This was the News *Susan* brought in such a Hurry, which occasioned the electrical Catastrophe above mentioned. It may be wondered at by some Readers, that Lady *Grotto* came not at this Time to comfort Lady *Fool* ;

but the Dowager was all this Time employed much more agreeably, at least, as she thought; being taken up with writing Letters to every one of her Acquaintance round the Country, in which the History of Lady *Fool's* Infidelity and Disgrace was painted in a very plain and very particular Manner.

Not so satisfactory was her Daughter, Lady *Pillow*, amused. The young Lady, after recovering herself from what *Susan* had related, was a sorrowful Witness what Trouble Mr. *Fool's* Absence occasioned; and retired to her Chamber, attended by that terrible Tormentor, Self-Accusation.

After some Moments Pause, thus the unfortunate Lady began.

Yes, I am the wicked Author of all this—He'll murder that charming Fellow—Shoot him thro' the Back——

The Villain that was base enough to take such an Advantage of me, will never give a Man fair Play—*Junior* is an Affassin; Oh, my dear *Tom Fool*, that I could but be by in any Shape to assist thee—The Arrival of her Spouse, Lord *Pillow* (who had been about a Month upon the Mountain's Moor shooting) put an End to her Soliloquy. With her Mama she attended his Lordship to
Tea;

Tea; Lady *Fool* sent her Excuse, being immensely out of Order, and not fit to see Company.

That Lord *Pillow* might not remain a Stranger to Lady *Fool*'s Illness, Lady Dowager told his Lordship, that an odd Accident happened here; you know *Junior*, my Lord, my Son's great Favourite.

Lord Pillow.

Intimately, my Lady, and I assure you, he has very much of the Man of Fashion about him.

Lady Grotto.

He has been one of our Party here; I can't say it was any Desire of mine it should be so; for, pon my Onner, the Man is as disagreeable to me, as a Hackney Coach; however, Lady *Fool* is Mistress of her own House, you know, and she insisted on it; I thought it was a little odd, whimsical, and so forth—but as I detest Scandal, I hate to be inquisitive;—however, Love and Murder as they say, will out. The Affair's over, and I am sorry to say, her Ladyship's blown; for young *Fool*, her Spouse (who was my Son's under Game-keeper) caught her and *Junior* in Bed together this Morning. I am sorry to break off all Acquaintance with her Ladyship so instan-

taneously, but it cannot be avoided; for how can I, *Lord Pillow*, ever look upon *Lady Fool* with a friendly Face again, after she has so grossly forfeited her Honour?

Lord Pillow.

You are perfectly in the Right, indeed, *Lady Grotto*; But, where is *Junior*?

Lady Pillow.

Mr. Fool challenged him upon the Spot, and they are afraid *Junior* is gone after to fight him.

Lord Pillow.

By all Means; or I would never have spoke to *Junior* henceforward, nor would *Sir Tasty*, I assure you.

Lady Pillow.

My Dear, dear Lord, how can you talk so? Suppose now a Thief——

Lord Pillow.

No, my Dear, you must pardon me there; a Robbery is one Thing, and an Affair of this Kind is another. With a Thief, you consider Loss of Property, or some other mercantile View; but with Respect to a Challenge, you are not to consider any Thing.

Lady Pillow.

No?

... Lord

Lord Pillow.

No—positively, no ; except the Challenge itself ; that, like a Play-debt, must be paid upon Honour.

Lady Dowager.

However, I insist upon going away To-morrow. Your Lordship, to be sure, has a right Idea what belongs to your Sex's Honour ; and I never yet, I hope, was deficient in what regarded me or mine. Therefore I beg your Lordship will make it a Point, that we may go off in the Morning ; for I cannot sleep with any Tranquility in a House, the Mistress of which has so lately polluted it with Adultery.

Here we would say something about Lady *Pillow's* Sentiments upon this Affair, were we not this Instant interrupted by the Vicar ; who, sending in his Name, begged Permission to pay his Duty to the Right Honourable. It was immediately granted, and Mr. *Rector* entered ; his Band changed, Face and Hands wash'd, Nose plaistered, and Chin fresh shaved, in his best Suit of Canonicals, with a fine flowing flaxen full-curl'd Perriwig, crown'd with a high Foretop, and full-powder'd.

With a becoming Reverence he made a round-about Obeisance ; then with

humble Submission, began a Petition to their Ladyships; addressing them, with beseeching their Graciousnesses, that they would, out of the Benevolence of their Dispositions, condescend to beam forth a Look of Compassion on that poor lost Sinner, Lady *Fool*, who was now in violent Hysterics.

The Ladies immediately went to see her; and his Lordship, ordering the Chaplain to be seated, entertained the attentive Mr. *Rector* for the rest of the Evening, with his dextrous Exploits upon Heath-cocks and Country Wenches.

C H A P. XVIII.

IT is now Time to inform those who have determined to read these Volumes through, that after Mr. *Fool* had waited some Hours at the Place appointed in vain, he began to consider what could be the Reason of *Junior's* Absence. Certain I am (thus Mr. *Fool* soliloquized) he could not mistake the Place; if he had a Mind to have met me, he might have been here before now. Perhaps Shame prevents him—it must be so—Shall I search for him?—No—Home I am determined not to return; and, upon these Words, spurring on his Horse, he galloped across the Country.

After he had hurried along about thirty Miles, he found Night overtake him very fast, as he entered upon a large Moor; he was quite ignorant of the Country, and as it grew dark, *Tom Fool* laid the Reins loose upon his Horse's Neck, and suffered the Beast to go which Way he pleased. The Horse, kept without Food for the whole Day, was seeking something to eat, when his fore Feet broke down the Earth, and he
fell

fell with his Rider into a deep Pit, from whence Stones and Slates formerly were dug. The Beast died upon the Spot, and Mr. *Fool*, with much Difficulty disengaging himself from the Carcase, too much bruised to get up without Help, was forced to remain below till Morning, when he was found and relieved by the greatest Accident imaginable.

One of the many elegant and innocent Amusements which young Ladies of Fashion kill Part of their Morning Time with, is collecting and arranging curious Shells and uncommon Pebbles.

To obey a Lady's Orders, the Morning after Mr. *Fool's* Fall, Mr. *Borlace* had taken a Walk to the Quarry, Pebble-hunting; there he found *Tom Fool*, and had him conveyed to a Farm-house, the only Dwelling for many Miles round.

This Mansion stood in the midst of a large uncultivated Common, which was overspread with Furze, Thistles, Fern, Rushes, and Turf Pools, for want of being properly enclosed. For as it was divided into several Lordships, the Persons possessed of its different Manors, were not unanimous about draining, diking and improving it.

Sir *Selzy Simkrimp* would not come into it, because, as he told his Spouse,
while

while he pointed his Finger over the Land Surveyor's Plan; only mind me, my Dear, if I consent to this Affair, Widow *Wail* comes in for four Acres and two Perch more than I have.

His Curate took the Liberty to hint, that inclosing would be a Means of employing a Number of Poor, whose Families were now starving; that Charity was of heavenly Birth; that he hoped the Great, the Rich, and Powerful would now and then condescend to think, that the poorest Creatures are their fellow Creatures; made of the same Materials, quickened by the same Spirit, and supported by the same Elements. Then Sympathy, nay, even base Self-Love, would dole out some Superfluities to feed the Hungry, to cloath the Naked.

Let's have none of your Nonsense; (interrupted the Baronet) as to Poor, we have too many already, and damn'd high Assessments; and if these Wretches can get Children now they are half starv'd, What would they do, if they had their Bellies full? I say, they that stand up for the Poor, only encourage Poachers, and our Game is thin enough already, so I'll not give my Vote for it.

And,

And, if I do, I'll be damn'd replied Squire *Bitt*, it would destroy all my Cover for Hares.

From this modern Way of Reasoning, but one Consequence could be supposed; it was totally neglected, except some Acres round the House, to which Mr. *Fool* had been carried.

The Tenant of which Habitation, in her Youth, had been a celebrated Lady of Pleasure, and dealt formerly with most of the Gentlemen belonging to that County.

When she, according to the common Custom of her Profession, fell to Decay, the neighbouring Gentlemen, out of Gratitude (as they will sometimes maintain worn out Hunters) fitted up Part of an old Hall, stock'd some Ground round it, and gave it to her for Life. It was to this House *Tom Fool* was carried.

About the same Time that Morning, Lady *Grotto*, with Lord and Lady *Pillow*, took their Leaves of Lady *Fool*; her Ladyship immediately after retiring to her Chamber overwhelmed with Affliction.

Here—here—seems to be a Stagnation of the Story, or the Business of the Story; for the Editor, like a savage-minded

minded Tragedy Writer, has maimed,
 or made away with most of his *Dra-*
matis Personæ, except Mr. *Junior*—no,
 we have him left to keep Attention a-
 wake, like a Dance between the Acts;
 for something must be done, *English*
 People love to be busy themselves, or
 see others so. Therefore, as this will
 be the last Time we shall have any
 Occasion to mention Mr. *Senior's* Son,
 and that his Narration shall no more
 interrupt the Thread of our Chronicle,
 we shall, like a judicious Historian, al-
 tho' it is a little out of the Order of
 Time, put all that is to come to Hand
 of him in the following Paragraphs,
 which we would immediately lay before
 the Reader; but beg Leave to refer him
 to the next Chapter.

C H A P. XIX.

The Conclusion of the Adventures of
JUNIOR.

AT first he made slight of being seiz'd; but Lady *Fool*, to clear her Reputation, dispatch'd a Messenger to the Justice, with a Letter, in which she insisted on it, the Villain shou'd be made an Example of, for he had murder'd the best of Husbands.

Lady *Grotto* gave up *Junior* entirely, she despised him for the Absurdity of his Taste, to neglect her for a City Lady; and indeed wish'd he might be punish'd for his immense Ill-manners, in so abruptly leaving her at the last Interview. Lady *Pillow* look'd on him as an Assassin; and Sir *Tasty* declared pon onner, he cou'd have nothing to say to Mr. *Junior*, till he had clear'd up his Character.

On his second Examination, several very creditable Persons deposed; that he always appeared to be very much of the Gentleman, he always laid his Money very fair, paid his play Debts punctually, no Person wore better Cloaths, or gave more Money to Servants on a Visit;
but

but it is much more necessary for a Man at some Times, to be really a Gentleman, than only to look like one in the Eye of the Law; all those his fine Accomplishments were invalid. Mr. *Fool* was not yet found, an Order came for him (in Consequence of Lady *Fool's* Letter) to be more closely confin'd.

One Misfortune seldom comes alone, for *Junior* found, on his Return to Prison, an Action lodg'd against him by the Inn-keeper, for criminal Conversation.

Finding himself press'd by the Law, and deserted by his Friends, he thought that Things were almost over with him; however, he was resolv'd not to fling up his Cards, while there seem'd to be a Probability of recovering the Game, therefore began to scheme accordingly.

Hunger will break through Stone Walls, and Money he knew to have that hungry Quality. The next Evening, as the Goaler and he sat Tete a Tete over a large Bowl of ~~French~~ ^{French}, he, after a little Circumlocution, proffer'd the Prison-keeper fifty Guineas, nay, pull'd the Sum out, to shew it him, to let him make his Escape.

The Goaler reply'd, he cou'd not say any thing to it.—*Junior* turn'd off the Discourse in an Instant, as he knew his
Man,

Man, and chose, as *Otbello* says, *He shou'd chew upon it*; pretended to be sleepy, and went early to Bed.

When the Locker-up had turn'd into his own Bed, he cou'd not close his Eyes, the Guineas seem'd still before them: He began to grow very restless, tumbling and tossing, and turning. His Spouse, whom he had not for some Years, before that Night, disturb'd by his Over-wakefulness, was scared at the Oddness of the Thing; cou'd not imagine what it was. She a while lay still, expecting what wou'd come on't; but finding him still continue insignificantly restless, began to rate him, for disturbing her in such a manner as he did.

Goaler.

Why, you must know my Dear, that the Gentleman there, our Prisoner, proffer'd me fifty Guineas, if I shou'd let him out.

Wife.

Has he got the Money?

Goaler.

Has he! Yes, that he has, twice as much, I saw it; but that a'ant the Thing, I don't know what to do in it. If as how I shou'd take the Money, and it shou'd be blown, why then Lord help me.

Wife.

Wife.

Lord help you indeed, you poor Tony, who shou'd blow it indeed, but your own self. Howsomdever, let me alone, I'll find a Time to talk to him about it; Sizes won't be these two Months, and we need not be in a Hurry to get rid of him; he's a special good Customer, and a Power of the right Sort come after him.

Goaler.

That's all true, my Dear.

Wife.

It's all a Fool's Head of your own, my Dear; as to the fifty Guineas, we'll get it, and he shan't get away neither.

Goaler.

No!

Wife.

No.

Goaler.

Lord, if that cou'd be.

Wife.

Lord, what a Wonderment you make about it; but come turn to me, and I'll tell ye. I'll make the Bargain with him; that one Night when you are gone out of Town (you can make believe you know about going out of Town) that I'll let him out;—so now do you mind me; you know the Hosier's House which
is

is next to ours, you have the Key of it, and the *Frenchmens* Chamber where they broke thro' leads into that House, and you know there are only some Boards nail'd against the Hole.

Goaler.

I take you, my Dear.

Wife.

No, but you don't, so don't interrupt me ;—I'll tell him as how I can let him into the empty House, and give him the Key to let himself out into the Street, provided that he will put the fifty Guineas into my Hands, the Moment I have let him out of Prison into the empty House :—This mun he'll agree to at once ; so then only mind me.

Goaler.

So I do, *Betty.*

Wife.

The Devil you do, why you're going to sleep, now, you are.

Goaler.

No, Child, I a'nt ; so you had no Occasion to have given me such a Punch in my Side with your Elbow.

Wife.

Why, then, you shou'd answer me as you should do ; for, you know, I abominatiously hate not to be minded ; so,
as

as I was saying——Where was I got to ?

Goaler.

To the fifty Guineas, my Dear.

Wife.

Oh, ay, so then he'll gi me the fifty Guineas into my Hand, so then I'll give him the Key, and leave him to unlock the Street-door, where you must be waiting, you know, with some more Help, so you'll seize him at once, and bring him back again ; he can't accuse you, you know, and I'll go out of Town to my Uncle's, he has wanted me to come a monstrous while, and so then I won't come Home again till the Gentleman is hanged or acquitted ; so then there's the Money all snug, and not a Soul in the varsal World ne'er the wiser.

This Scheme, as it was really a very deep one, the Husband admired ; and they lay awake until Morning, considering how, and in what Way, they should put out the fifty Guineas.

Jack Junior, not having the second sighted Gift, remained a Stranger to this Plot. Observing the Husband not to take any Notice of it next Day, hinted it to him again ; but the Goaler begged him, for God's Sake, not to think of it,
for

for he wouldn't do such a Thing for the World.

Perseverance is as much the Property of a Gamester, as a Lover—but it would not do—the Man was still obstinate—*Junior* changed his Plan, founded the Wife, and found her very pliable; she consented, upon Consideration of *Junior's* giving her sixty Guineas (she had a Mind to keep Ten to herself) she would let Mr. *Junior* out of the Goal, into an empty House, and give him the Key of the Street Door, and he might let himself out; but he must stay till the Nights were dark, and her Husband gone out of Town.

The long expected Time came at last, her Husband was gone a Journey, or at least pretended, in *Junior's* Hearing, to do so. *Junior* then went up with the Goaler's Wife, into what was called the *French* Chamber, and there he told out before her Face sixty Guineas; after she had taken up several and examined them, that they were not filed or false, he re-placed them in the Bag again, tied up the Mouth, and held it in his Hand, ready to make her a Present of it, the Moment she had conducted him past the Prison Walls. She had a Candle and Lanthorn along with her; when

when they parted, he received the Lanthorn and Candle, she the Bag. *Junior* entered the one Pair of Stairs of the Hosier's House, she went to the Goal-door, to let her Husband know (who was waiting there) that the Gentleman was coming; and then she went to her Bureau to lock up the Money.

The most Cunning are frequently the greatest Dupes, thus it was with *Junior*; he had no Suspicion of the intended Ambush; but merely by Instinct and Experience from former Practices, he sat the Lanthorn down in a Corner, and softly opened a Sash to look into the Street, and listen if any Persons were passing. At that Instant Mr. Mayor's Coach happened to be going Home, with his Worship and Family from a Visit, and a Footman carrying a lighted Flambeaux behind, illuminated the whole Street; just as the Coach passed along, *Junior* discovered underneath him several Persons with Watchmen's Bills standing round the Door of the House he was in. He had now need of all his Fortitude; without shutting down the Sash, softly on Tip-toe he stepped back again, took the Lanthorn, and hurried up Stairs into the back Garrets in Search for a Trap-door or Casement, which opened upon

the Leads ; very luckily he found one quickly ; out he got, and after a Trial or two, found the Gutter would bear him ; along sideling he crept, his Hands upon the Tiles, until he was stopped by a Ladder, which lay slanting in his Way. This he conjectured might have some Communication with others lower ; and after some Time feeling about (for he had put out his Light) he found a Bundle of scaffolding Cords, one End of which he made fast to the uppermost Ladder, and depending on that, and in Hopes of more Ladders, he began to descend ; what with sliding and scrambling, he found himself at last safe landed in a narrow Lane ; just then he heard the Minster Clock strike One ; guided by that Sound, he walked towards the Church-yard, where he expected to find waiting for him a Friend, and a couple of fleet Horses.

For, unknown to the Goaler's Lady, after he had fixed the Night and Hour in which he was to leave his Prison, he ordered one in whom he could confide, to be in the Minster-yard with a Brace of Geldings when the Clock struck Twelve, and stay till *Junior* came. *Jack* rightly judging it was a Place which at that Time of Night few People

ple would walk through, therefore his Groom and Cattle might secrete themselves there ; and also *Junior* could find the Place more readily than any other.

How did the Person in Waiting rejoice, when he heard *Junior* whistle the Signal ! Not that it was Joy, proceeding from a Heart-felt Satisfaction, to hear his Friend was at Liberty—no—he was glad he had got Company. For Mr. *Junior*'s Assistant, tho' one of the boldest Fellows living, nay, had actually fought a Duel, yet began to be very uneasy ; as he staid among the Graves and Tomb-stones, a cold Sweat bedewed his Face and Breast, and he was at last so far Pannic-struck, that when the Clock went Twelve, he would have left *Junior* to get off alone, as well as he could, but had not Strength to get from the Tomb-stone on which he had laid himself at Length upon his Breast, his Hands cross his Eyes.

There is something so tremendously gloomifical as Mr. *** observes, in a Church-yard at Midnight, and only then, as must appal the stoutest among Men. This was what the Person declared to *Junior*, after they had got the Town upon their Backs ; saying, Look ye, *Jack Junior*, tho' as to Religion, to be sure, I know it all to be Priest-craft ;

craft ; and as to Parsons, they are no more knowing than other Men—How should they? You know, and every Body else knows, I a'nt afeard of nothing ; yet, damme, if ever I was so out of Sorts as I was, when I was among them Tomb-stones ; and if I could have said the Lord's Prayer by Heart, or any Thing about the Bible, I believe I should have pattered nothing else all the Time after the Clock struck Twelve ; for, curse me, *Jack Junior*, tho' Iv'e more Sense than to believe a Word what such Fellurs as Parsons Jaw, yet I'll hold five Pound to a Shilling, and I say done first, that no Man in the World can stay in a Church-yard at Midnight, without sweating for it.

Here would we give you the Answer his Companion made him ; but they both began to gallop along so fast, having found themselves on the Turnpike Road, that they were too soon out of Ear-shot, for us to take down, even in short Hand, the rest of their Conversation.

Now to return to the Prison-keeper, after he and his Followers had waited themselves out of all Patience, he dispatched his Wife back, to go into the
very

very Place to which she had inducted *Junior*, and see what was become of him. As soon as she had been all over the House, she bawled out of the Window *Jack* had left open, Oh Lord! he's got out a-Top, he has got out a Top. The empty House Street-door they cou'dn't force open, *Junior* had the Key in his Pocket; they were forced to go round through the Goal, and they soon discovered the Trap-door open, but not one would venture out; alledging, they had Families, and who'd maintain their poor Babes, if any Thing misfortunate was to happen to themselves.

The Alarm by this Time was spread through the Neighbourhood, that the Gentleman Murderer had made his Escape; the Mayor was informed of it, and he sent immediately for the Goaler, to be ascertained of the Truth of the Report.

When her Spouse went to wait upon the Mayor, Madam, the Goaler's Lady retired to her Bed-chamber, opened her Chest of Drawers, took out the Bag *Junior* had given her, and untied it, to take Care of the ten supernumerary Pieces, which, as she had bargained for unknown to her Husband, she was unwit-

ling he should come to hear of, for Fear he might be angry with her.

Out into her Lap she pours the precious Treasure—a—ha—oh, my sweet Jesus! Thus she shrieked out, started up, and down fell all the Contents of the Bag upon the Floor, and she upon them, dashing her Hands up and down among them; for instead of sixty Guineas good and lawful Money of *Great Britain*, there was nothing but small Leads of Sleeves, thick Pieces of Glass ground round, Pieces of Pewter, and brass Curtain Rings. There, amidst the Heap, like the Story of *Danae*, done by a Signpost Painter, she lay in a violent Fit, not one Struggle of it feigned. After burning all the Matches they could come at under her Nose, it was as much as her Maid could do to keep her from relapsing.

Her Spouse returned from Mr. Mayor's with a very discontented Mind; his Worship threatened him to take the Goalor's Place from him, if the Prisoner was not forth-coming; all he comforted himself as he walked Home was, that, let the worst come to the worst, he had fifty Guineas to begin the World with.

When he came into the Chamber, where the Maid was sat on the Ground, holding

holding his Wife's Head in her Lap; and all the counterfeit Pieces scattered about her, he cry'd out, What the Devil, and be damn'd to it, is this?

Wife.

O Husband, it's no Matter—oh—but we're ruined, that's all—oh! Lord—then fell into another Fit; which, after some Trouble, they brought her out of; and she told her Husband, that instead of the fifty Guineas, the Rascal had given her that Stuff which lay about the Floor.

Indeed, some People are to be pitied; for after he had listened with Astonishment to her broken Relation, often interrupted with Sobs, and was convinced he was undone, without making her any Reply, down Stairs he went to look for his Horse-whip; and just as he had laid Hand on that, he was laid Hands on by two of Mr. Mayor's Officers, and carried, by his Worship's Order, to the black Hole, for aiding *Junior's* Escape; who was then with his Companion, making the best of his Way to *London*, once more to cut a Figure; but whether in the Sessions-paper as a Felon, or in the News-paper, for marrying a great Fortune, Time only can be the Tell-tale.

'Tis Odds indeed, but that he is rewarded for acting on the wrong-side of

Equity, sooner than punished for it; which makes out what *Hamlet* observes, about there being more Things in Heaven and Earth, than are found out by Philosophy; if not, we might account why Visage-wearing Roguery shall dine upon Turtle, and open-countenanc'd Honesty starve in *forma Pauperis*.

C H A P XX.

MR. *Fool* was very hospitably received at the Mansion-house, to which, by the Order of Mr. *Borlace*, he was carried.

With the Lady, who we have already mentioned to be in Possession of this Dwelling-place, there boarded a young Gentlewoman, to whom Mr. *Borlace* was a great Favourite.

As soon as their Guest, Mr. *Fool*, was well enough recovered to see Company, they made him a Visit, at which Time *Borlace* observing all their Endeavours to dissipate his Melancholy were ineffectual (first making a proper Apology for his Abruptness) addressed Mr. *Fool* as follows.

Sir, your Disorder does not seem entirely to arise from any bodily Pains; the Mind is, I am afraid, concerned in your Case; I would not enquire into your Story, out of a weak or ill-timed Curiosity; no, Sir, I have been unhappy myself—very unhappy—this young Lady has felt the severe Grasp of Calamity; we have all known what it has been to suffer; if you'll give me Leave,

Sir, we'll relate to you our past Lives; and you know, Sir, what we are taught at School, that it is a Comfort to the Sorrowful to have Partners in Affliction.

Tom Fool.

I am indeed, Sir, very much hurt in my Mind, yet should be grieved to find any one so unfortunate as I am.

Mr. Borlace.

That, Sir, I leave you to judge; my Name, Sir, is *Witwood Borlace*, a Name, I believe, once as well known in the gay Life of *London*, as *Fanny Murray's*. I am a Man of Family, and consequently a Man of Ambition; but the Mode of my Mind was not constituted either for Field Sports at Home, or Campaigns Abroad; all my Wish, Joy and Pride, centered in being called a clever Fellow.

To be a Man of Wit and Humour, is a Character eagerly sought after, like the great Prize in the Lottery; all the World will put in, because each Individual thinks he may pretend to it. But that's not the Thing, every Lady is not born to be a Toast, nor every Man to be a Genius.

One Thing that led me to aim at so pleasing a Title was, I had a prodigious Share of Spirits, and from my Induction

at

at College, to this present Time, they never failed me.

I was forced, indeed, to leave the University sooner than I expected, on Account of the first Piece of Wit I ever attempted. I put a Piece of hot Coal on my Tutor's Shoe, as the old Fellow lay asleep; it happened to lame him indeed, but that was more than I intended.

When I returned to my Father's, I was ordered to prepare myself to make the grand Tour, but an Aunt of mine objecting to him, how weak it was in Parents sending their Sons Abroad, before they had seen their own Country, I had Liberty allowed me to go with her to *Tunbridge*.

I was soon taken Notice of for my vast Spirits, and made Principal in most Parties of Pleasure, until the satyrical Talent which I possessed, made me be thought too severe a Companion; and I was in Consequence of that left out of several future Invitations.

This pleased me, for I was fond of being dreaded. I lampooned away, and enjoyed the Anxiety which it gave to several at the *Spaw*, who would have poisoned me if they dared. I had imbibed the Opinion from several Ladies of Fa-

shion, that to give Pain was the greatest Pleasure imaginable.

My Father had been some Years a Widower, and just as I came of Age, dying, left me a large unincumbered Estate, with some Thousands in ready Money; then I began to execute my Plan, which was, to be the tip-top Fellow for Fun, Frolick, Wit and Humour upon the Town.

I gave over all Thoughts of going abroad, being conscious that my own Country could furnish me with Curiosities enow for Entertainment; however, that I might not be disesteemed for a Deficiency of Taste, I employed Persons, who understood those Things, to furnish me with a proper Quantity of Pictures, Etchings, Medals, Bronzes, Cameo's, Intaglias, Antiques and Petrifications.

While my House, Cabinets and Curiosities were sitting up in *London*, I went to an Estate I had in *Cornwall*, with half a Dozen excessive droll Fellows, to practise all the Species of Wit and Humour I intended to be excellent in.

After being absent a Year, I burst on the Town a Prodigy. I was allowed to be the greatest Genius that ever embellished an Evening's Conversation. I could take off *Ryan*, and the blind Man with his Bladder

Bladder and String. I could play upon my Coat's Skirt like a Bag-pipe, and make an old Woman's Face upon my Hand. I could make a Fiddle go like a *German* Flute, and grunt with my Mouth like an Organ; could do all the *London* Cries, and play a Solo upon a Broomstick; sound a Trumpet from the Corner of my Hat, and play a Voluntary by snapping my Fingers. I was the best Hand in *England* upon the Salt-box, and nobody sung the *Welch* Song like me; then I could growl like *Quin*, and squint like Parson *Whitfield*; and every Body allowed, at my own Table, I said as many good Things as any Man in *England*.

There was one Thing very remarkable about me, which was, tho' I had an excessive Share of Spirits, they never hurried me into any particular Extravagancies. I detested Gaming; as to tossing up for the Reckoning now and then, or buying a few Lottery Tickets, just to make Presents with, those were Trifles not worth talking of, and what would not hurt any Body; but I was determined never to be taken in. So, tho' I have had all the tip-top Women of the Town, they never had me; they loved me as a clever Fellow, but I was too knowing
to

to be a Keeper; I have, indeed, sometimes made one Lady a Present of a Piece of Plate, and folded up a Bank-bill two or three Times, and flung it by way of Frolick at another; What then? I was not scheemed out of it, tho' I used to lie with them, they never had a Penny from me; as to any Thing else, who the Devil would deny giving a fine Woman now and then forty or fifty Guineas, provided a Man was not made their Dupe, which they honestly confessed to me I was not; they could not finesse me.

While I was amusing myself in this Manner, I received a little Damage from a Gentleman, whose Wife I had toasted as a *Demirep*; I retired into the Country a little while to recruit both my Constitution and Circumstances; for tho' I had not been very high above five Years, I had somehow or other run my Estate a little out of Breath.

During my being rusticated, I married an Heiress with 7000 l. in her own Hands, which she put me in Possession of on the Day of Marriage; but had she not been one of the finest Women in *England*, as to Person, her Money should never have made me trammel myself in the matrimonial Tether. I was
always

always too full of Spirits for a domestic sedentary Life, I could not bear Confinement, cooped up like a tame Rabbit ; no, I must run wild about the Forest like a free bred Buck, or, as *Lothario* says, like the Birds, great Nature's happy Commoners."

I brought my Bride up to Town, to let the World bear Witness to my Happiness ; I showed her off at every public Place ; she was not quite so fond of Ostentation as she ought to have been ; I could perceive Operas and Routs not so infinitely agreeable to her, as I could have wished them ; she was rather too rural in her Taste ; for by all that's odd, she whispered me in the Ear only at the second Masquerade we were at, that she thought it very insipid. Superlatively simple you must suppose her to be, not but now and then she was well enough : In her Opinion, as far as an *English* Author ; or, as *Garrick's* acting, any Thing in the serious Way pleased her well enough.

There is something in that *Garrick's* Execution excessively clever ; I can, I believe, without Vanity, do as many droll Things, as all the choice Spirits put together ; but I don't know how it is, I never could get at what he does ; as to
the

the rest of the Actors, I was at Home; but he has got a Sort of a Knack that's past finding out, and yet he seems so easy in what he does, as if it was natural to him. I believe, in acting, as well as free Masonry, there's a Secret not to be divulged. I beg Pardon, Sir, for this Observation, but theatrical Knowledge is as useful for a Man of Fortune in *London*, as classical Knowledge is at the University.

My Wife, after we had been in Town about two Months, began, tho' in the most tender Manner, to complain I absented myself too much from her, wish'd to have a little more of my Company, begged me, since I was so very entertaining Abroad, that I would indulge her now and then with my Conversation at Home. It went against me, I must confess, to deny her, but I had so many Invitations, and was so universally admired as a Companion, I could not help it; as to pleasing one's Wife, or the Pleasure a Man can receive from her Applause, it was not forcible enough for one of my Spirits, yet I made a secret Resolution, altho' I was too much from her at present, when I grew old, she should have me all to herself.

I have sometimes since thought, that a Man may have too great a Quantity of Spirits; for I could not stay at Home, and I was fearful too if I had, that the World would have given out, I had drowned my Faculties in the Cawdle-cup. The Ambition I had to be counted the cleverest Fellow in *England*, forced me to enter too much into the Spirit of Things. I sat up too late, drank too deep, used rather too much Ridicule, and slighted the finest Woman in *England*, and all often against my Inclination — but he who has a Mind to gain a great Name, must sacrifice his private Connections to the Opinions of the Public.

My Wife, to wean me, as she thought, from what her Country Simplicity called dangerous Habits, told me, that most of my Friends, tho' she would not particularize them, were Villains; that they had at different Times hinted Love to her, therefore begged me to be more at Home, if it was only to protect her from such Insults for the future.

But I saw through the Scheme; she was a good Girl, but a bad Politician. I smiled and told her, Politeness and Sincerity were as incompatible, as *Hudibras* and Algebra, or common Sense and much Ceremony; that the more Men made

made Love to my Wife, only proclaim'd the more the Goodness of my Taste, in fixing upon so inestimable a Jewel. I was conscious, I told her, she loved me, bid her not be whimsical, chucked her under the Chin, vowed I adored her, ordered a Chair, and dined with *Lucy Cooper*.

I must confess, I believe the Lady I married, was not only one of the finest Women in *England*, but as good a one as ever lived. I had not indeed an Opportunity to discover all her good Qualities; but this was the Character every Body gave her. I should not have been a Stranger to her Perfections, had not an unlucky Accident happened, which deprived me from considering her in so amiable a Light as I ought to have done; but Reflections are ridiculous, few People know the Value of an Estate, till they have made away with it.

Thus it happen'd with me, Sir; I had not been married to her much above a Twelvemonth, before I lost her; that was another Joke carried a little too far too. But a Man at all Times don't know where to stop, when he is in high Spirits.

You must know, Sir, one Afternoon, my Wife then had just been brought to
Bed.

Bed a Week. I had dined that Day at *Tomkyns's*; I was in high Spirits, and took three or four Friends Home with me, to hum an old Parson, a Relation of my Wife's, whom I had promised to spend the Evening with. I knew I shou'd undergo a Jobation from him; but to stop his Mouth, Sir *Grecian Grigg* and I began a sham Fight, in the old one's Company.

One of my Wife's foolish Maids run screaming to her Mistress, that I shou'd be murdered among the drawn Swords, and in spite of her Servants, my Wife was so Headstrong, that she wou'd come down Stairs only in her Wrapper and Slippers, altho' she had not lain in above seven or eight Days.

We soon convinc'd her it was only a Piece of Wit and Humour; but to see how uneven the Tempers of some Ladies are; tho' she tripp'd down Stairs as nimble as a Wench at a Wake, her Spirits took such a Turn, that it was as much as all her Maids cou'd do to lift her up Stairs again.—She died in three Day's Time: I fancy she was piqued to be taken in so——

However, no Man cou'd be more afflicted at parting from his Wife than I was: I had lost one of the finest Figures in

in *England*. Indeed I erected a fine Monument for her, and kept my Room a whole Week, to compose her Epitaph, and without Vanity, I may say, that no Husband cou'd give more unfeign'd Testimonies of his Affection than I did, in the Care I took of having her Memory celebrated.

After her Decease, I found my richest and greatest Friends discontinued their Visits. I was in Repartee too severe, for I never wou'd sink my Joke to save my Friend; no wonder then they absented themselves, as they had the Laugh so often against them, especially now they knew the only Person was gone who took their Parts.

I had then no other Visitors but those whose Circumstances made it worth their while to fill their Bellies at my Table, tho' they were sure to be roasted for it. I soon grew tired with those to whom I gave a Dinner, only because they wanted one; their Applauses were as insipid to me as the Caresses of a Wife, three Months after Marriage. I left off House-keeping, took Lodgings near *Arthur's*, and was balloted into the Jockey Club.

Here was a new Field for Game; I cleared away a few Acres of Wood-land,
just

just to make an exercising Place, run up a rubbing House, bought a Brace of brood Mares, got my Compliment of Colts, and just till my own Stud was risen four Years old, I purchased three or four capital Plate Horses; for as I was determined to be distinguished, I knew there was no doing those Things by Halves, and to compleat me for the Turf, I had several Hints from *Pond*, how to lay my Money.

I began rather too late, I believe; for tho' no Man ever had better Horses than myself, nor won more Plates, nor was oftener let into the Secret; yet, damn it, let them say what they will, there is such a Thing as Luck, ay, and bad Luck too; for in about five Years, my Estate, my Horses and Grooms all galloped away to the Devil, leaving me at a dead Stand-still, in a Spunging-house, tho' there I had the Satisfaction to hear the Baileys allow, that they believed me to be one of the cleverest Gentlemen in *England*.

After I had recovered my Liberty, I entered into Life as droll as ever I was, not quite so rich tho': But what is Money to a Man of Spirit? I used to treat, now I was treated; tossed into the Reckoning; but I was welcome every where,

190 THE HISTORY OF
where, and every Body admired my
vast Spirits.

Tom Fool.

Pray, Sir, did not you begin to think?

Borlace.

No, Sir, when a Man of Wit and Humour begins to think, he loses all Pretensions to those Titles, as a Beauty ceases to be a Toast, when she becomes a married Woman. Besides, I really lived so joyous, I had no Time for Reflection. I used to be engaged from Party to Party, that I had no Hours to myself, nor indeed did I wish for any; I was just like a new celebrated Woman of Pleasure, every one wished to be in Company with me.

As to the Women of the Town, I visited all of them, and knew every *Demi-murep*, and fresh Face; and as it was not in my Power to be as generous to them as I had been, I resolved to be useful in helping them to several rich Bucks of my Acquaintance, who could not so conveniently have met together, had I not contrived it. I did it to serve my Friends, and looked upon it as a Point of Honour, so did the Girls; for tho' Prudes may say what they will, those Sort of Women have more Honour about them than People imagine. They
always

always received me with open Arms, but a Man may be sick with Sweet-meats; I was at last in that sickly Condition, which the modest Part of the female Sex have no Pity for.

When I was tolerably well, an old Acquaintance of mine invited me down to his Country Seat for the Summer. This was a real Piece of Friendship; I told him so, when I consented to the Proposal: His Answer was, why, look ye, *Borlace*, you are a damn'd droll Fellow, to be sure, and can keep it up as well as any Man in *England*, therefore you'll be quite in Character with me; for as the general Election is coming, such a Man as you among my Friends is worth a Thousand.

Away we went, in tip-top Spirits, Faith. I shan't tire you with the Tricks we played upon the Road, about our humming the Parsons, or frightening old Women, with telling them the *French* were landed, and our Fleets beat, nor alarming the Country Towns at Midnight, with crying Fire. It was indeed one of the highest Journies I ever travelled.

After we had been some Time keeping open House, the Country Gentlemen came forty Miles round to see and
hear

hear me. I began to be so necessary to my Friend, for I could drink when he could not, and sing; he knew no Songs, and tell Stories, and he had no Humour; that at last he swore to me, as we sat over the Remains of a Bowl of Arrack, every one else had left us (it was about four o'Clock in the Morning) he swore he would settle two hundred Pounds a Year upon me for Life, and make a Point of it; he swore, squeezing me heartily by the Hand at the same Time, that I was the cleverest Fellow in *England*, and should live independantly.

But I was out of Luck, for it was but next Evening I gave Judgment against my Friend and Patron that was to be, about his holding a foul Card. He did hold it, to be sure, and I was half fuddled, and said he did; immediately he flung a Bottle at my Head, and ordered his Servants to turn me out of Doors. About four in the Morning I was set adrift, without a single Penny in my Pocket, or knowing where to raise one.

However, I came to a Resolution to earn the Bread I should eat for the future, and let it be ever so mean an Employ, I was resolved to seek for a Livelihood. There were several Ways that I could
main-

maintain myself in, for 'tis a very vulgar Error to say, a Gentleman is not brought up to any Thing.

I was qualified as Coachman, or Cock-feeder, or a Game-keeper, or a Whipper-in, or a riding Groom, but I could not get Business in any of those Employments; because those to whom I proffered myself, objected to my being a Gentleman, and I had no Body could give me a Character; at last, after having put myself into a proper Dress, I got myself hired to make Hay.

In a Week's Time, I found a wonderful Alteration in myself for the better, in Respect of Health and Quiet. I fell asleep when Night came, without being obliged first to get drunk by way of Opiate; I waked next Morning neither sick, sorry, nor ashamed, by the bitter Remembrance of how much like a Madman I had behaved over Night. I soon lost a Hoarseness which long had plagued me. My Legs fell into their proper Shape, my Wind was mended, my Eyes ceased smarting, my Hands were steady at Breakfast Time, my Flesh grew firm, and I wanted no Wine and Bitters to make me eat my Dinner.

Thus I liv'd, Sir, for a whole Twelve-month, employed in one Part or other

of Country Business, till Providence conducted me to this House ; it was fitting up for this Gentlewoman, I was Overseer of the Workmen, and since I am employed for her. Here we live retired, we have every Thing we wish for among ourselves ; we have seen the World, and despise, heartily despise its Vices and Follies, and would not again be intoxicated with them, for more than ever we were formerly worth ; no, not all the Pains and Penalties of the Inquisition could ever push me into the same Path again.

Thus Mr. *Borlace* entertained Mr. *Fool*, binding with several Oaths, his Disapprobation of every Irregularity, and that it was impossible for him ever again to run into the same Errors. Mr. *Fool* took Mr. *Borlace* to be indeed reformed ; nay, Mr. *Borlace* believed himself to be so—Who would not ?—But alas, How can we pretend to know and read Mankind, when we are Strangers to ourselves ? At least, this was Mr. *Borlace's* Case ; for tho' he promised and vowed so ardently against late Hours, bad Company and many Bumpers, it is not above seven to four, or seven and a half to four at most, but if he had the same Opportunities, Abilities and Temptations,

tations, he would do the same Things, he had done.

Reader, be not in Wrath that our Characters are not compleatly good, either after Marriage, or Repentance. We endeavour to exhibit Life, not according to our Wishes, but Observations; and as we copy from Nature, must do as Nature has done. Only let me beg of thee to observe the ingenious Exhibitions of Mr. *Hogarth*; who is among Painters what Dean *Swift* was among Poets. His Performances must please thee, according to the Abilities thou hast to be pleased.—Yet seldom doth he present us with perfect Beauties in his Figures, the Reason is obvious; like *Shakespear*, he is one of Nature's Agents, and therefore must act according to her Commissions.

In the anatomical Figures made by Monsieur *Denoüe* (which were not good enough for an *English* Collection) every Part of Nature is laid open; he aimed not to flatter, but instruct. Some Things indeed might shock his Pupils, but they were Truths they ought to be acquainted with.

C H A P. XXI.

AFTER Mr. *Borlace* had ended his Story, the youngest of the Ladies, turning to *Tom Fool*, thus began her's.

My Father, Sir, was a Baronet, his Name Sir *Philpot Fool*.——We must leave it entirely to the Reader's Imagination, to form an ideal Picture of her Brother's Astonishment. He ran to her, threw his Arms about her Neck, and as well, and fast as the Joy of such a Meeting would allow him to be articulate, he discovered himself to her. The rest of the Day was spent in hearing every particular Transaction of his Life, from his Admittance into Lady *Grotto's* House, to his Delivery from the Stone Pit.

Next Morning the two Ladies begg'd Mr. *Fool's* Company into their Dressing-room. As soon as they were all seated, the eldest Gentlewoman, to prepare the Brother to receive calmly a Relation of his Sister's Distresses, began by way of Preamble, to observe the vast Force of Passion; how much Inclination was stronger than Reason, and that Woman's Will was like a Whirlwind.——

Then

Then hinted about Heat of Blood, Prejudice of Education, Hurry of Youth, Deceit of Mankind, and all the other lamentable Topics, so copiously declaimed upon by those who do err, and those who pretend to say they do not.

Tom Fool interrupted the Speaker, by taking hold of his Sister's Hand, and pressing it tenderly betwixt both his, with the utmost Affection in his Face. He replied, my dear Girl, do not conceal the Truth from your Brother, your Brother is your Friend: My dear, God forbid I shou'd hold you hard in my Esteem, since I have been so culpable myself.

Miss Ninny's History.

The Reason, my dear Brother, that Sir *Philpot* took no Notice of you, after your being some Time at School, was owing to a great Quarrel between him and my Mama.

A Greyhound, which was a great Favourite of my Papa's, kill'd her Ladyship's *Chinese* Pheasant. My Mama made the Shepherd's Boy shoot the Hound directly; but the Moment Sir *Philpot* heard of it, he snatch'd her green

Parrot off his Perch, and with his own Hands wrung the Head off.

My Mama, Brother, had a Spirit becoming a Woman of Quality. — A noble Spirit indeed; — she never wou'd forgive an Insult; but her Revenge she wou'd have, let the Consequence be what it wou'd; and I own myself so much of her Mind, that altho' I have sometimes suffer'd for it, I wou'd show a proper Repentment; — ay, and will, tho' I was sure to lose my Life by it.

When her Ladyship saw her Parrot murder'd, she flew into the Picture Gallery, and cut Holes in all the fine Paintings; which when Sir *Philpot* saw, he burst open her *China* Closet-door, and broke every Thing to smash in it: This was a terrible Stroke; this my Mama cou'd not bear, she fell into violent Hysterics; and on the Instant she was able to crawl, knowing you to be Papa's Favourite, she made an Affidavit that you were a Bastard.

This Action stupified Sir *Philpot*; for three or four Days afterwards he spoke to no body, but sat in his own Room like a Man moped; and on *Sunday* Morning, it makes me shudder, when I think on't, Papa shot himself thro' the Head; but what was the cruellest of all,
he

he carried his Resentment beyond the Grave; for he sent a long Letter to his particular Friend, about half an Hour before he committed the Fact, wherein he gave his Reasons for what he was about to do, and begg'd the Gentleman, by their long Intimacy, and as he regarded the Words of his dying Friend, that he wou'd make that Letter Public, and by that prove he was not Lunatic when he kill'd himself, so that his Family shou'd not inherit the Estate.

The Gentleman, to whom the Letter was sent, liv'd about twenty Miles off, and he and Sir *Philpot* had been School-fellows together, and no two were ever more intimate; but the Gentleman was generous enough to show this Letter to my Mama, and me, no body else. He was a Counsellor at Law; and begg'd her Ladyship not to be uneasy, he wou'd take Care of every Thing for her.

How the Affairs were managed, I can't tell. I suppose there are some particular Methods in the Law, which, when People know how to make use of, they need not fear any Thing, at least I heard the Counsellor tell her Ladyship so. Sir *Philpot's* Letter, instead of being published, was burn'd. And when the Co-

roner came, he was a mighty civil Man, and brought in a proper Verdict, by which we saved the Estate.

Perhaps, Brother, you may wonder, that after my Mama had got clear of those Difficulties, something was not done for you; but really Lady *Philpot* at first would not hear a Word of Family Affairs; because, as her Ladyship observ'd, they put her too much in Mind of the late unhappy Accident. And as she was, as you must remember, Brother, a very fine Woman, she was surrounded with Acquaintance. And to dissipate her Grief, she was hurried into so much Company, that we had not a Moment to ourselves, or for ourselves.

For really, Brother, People of Fashion have more fatiguing Lives, than the lower Set of Mortals wou'd believe. Those Persons of Distinction I mean, who are willing to appear as such; for what with receiving and returning Visits, Auction Day's, Dressing and Undressing, Opera Nights, Routs, Assemblies, Breakfastings, Plays, Airing in *Hyde-Park*, and *Vauxhall*, Parties once or twice in the Seasons, I do assure you, we are in a continual Flutter of Dissipations; and it must therefore be expected that fine Women, instead of thinking about
Home,

Home, are too much hurried to think about any thing.

But now, Brother, I am to claim the Forgiveness you have promised me: I shall faithfully relate Matters of Fact, just as they happened. I was barely Sixteen when we appear'd Abroad again; and Lady *Philpott*, contrary to other Parents, was pleas'd to carry me every where with her: But how unhappy are the young Part of our Sex; who are shown into Life unaccompanied with a proper Guide, our Minds tainted insensibly by our Intimates.—I am sure however that mine was.

After Dinner, when the Ladies are withdrawn, Gentlemen, as I've been told, over their Bottle, often converse together very loosely. Our Sex, I assure you, at sometimes, are not much behind Hand with yours, as to the Topics of their Discourse; only we are, I fancy, more delicate in our Phrases.

I had some very intimate Acquaintances, Ladies, who were rather older than myself, but were full as sprightly; and, to use their own Words, hated Prudery. From them I was instructed in such Things! My God! I have heard of People whose Brains have been turn'd by Pride; one Passion will intoxicate the

derstanding as much as another; I was almost mad for Enjoyment; to such a Pitch I had heighten'd my Imagination.

I cou'd think, talk, or hear of nothing else; and only the Fear of being refus'd, prevented me from asking the first Man I met the Question; they had made me imagine it must be all Elysium.

A Gentleman just at this Time (one of our Neighbours in the Country) ask'd my Mama's Consent to pay his Addresses to me. Upon his bare Promise of Marriage, which I only took to save Appearances, I admitted him to stay all Night with me in my Bedchamber; there I gave myself up to all those promis'd Toys, dying Murmers, and swimming Extasies I had so long and so fondly fancied.

But Enjoyment answer'd not at all the Idea which I had entertain'd of it. Next Morning I honestly declar'd so to my Lover:—Confess'd to him, that it was Curiosity which had engag'd me in Intrigue; that I expected to have met with more than I cou'd express to him;—but I found myself horridly disappointed; it was to me the most momentary of all Gratifications, no sooner felt than fled,
—trouble.

—troublesome and indelicate, but the Pleasure of a Dream, in a Moment vanish'd.

My Gallant seem'd astonish'd, and after he had recover'd himself, was brutal and gross enough to tell me in his Reply, I was the only Woman who had ever found Fault with his Abilities; had I been a Man, I cou'd have fell'd him to my Foot, for the mean Opinion he had of me. I contented myself with coolly replying to him, it was not the Actor, but the Deed which I disliked; and protested I never more wou'd engage in any such Affair. From thenceforth for some Time never thought any more about it, except it was to despise those who extoll'd it as the ultimate of human Happiness.

Still this Gentleman persisted in my granting him the same Favours as I had done: I wou'd not, he grew ten Times more importunate; I was oblig'd at last to beg my Mama wou'd forbid him the House; she did so, and added it was done at my Request. This so far piqu'd him, that he immediately related to her what had pass'd betwixt us; and not contented with that, went to the Tavern, and among all his Acquaintance told all I had granted him.

It is impossible for me to describe the Rage I was in; my Passion was so violent it threw me into a Fever; but my Hope of Revenge contributed more than the Physician to my Recovery. When I was just able to walk out, a Gentleman, who lived in the next House to Lady *Fool's*, met me as I was taking the Air: He accosted me with the utmost Respect, spoke with much Warmth against the Villainies of the Age we liv'd in, particularis'd the several Follies his Sex were guilty of, and dwelt a long Time on the wicked Vanity of those Coxcombs, who, as *Horatio* said, fancied Raptures that they never knew; and I was charm'd to hear him. He continued his Discourse, assuring me, that he thought it the Duty of every Gentleman to vindicate injur'd Beauty, and begg'd my Permission to be allow'd my Champion.

By this Time we had reach'd our House; I begg'd he'd alight and walk in with me. I led him into Sir *Philpot's* Study, and there I confess'd to him, that his manner of Expression had won me to think nobly of him; that I was not so much irritated against the Scandal, as I was at the Author of it. This Gentleman

man promis'd he wou'd punish the villainous Boaster in the most exemplary Way; nay, he swore it upon the Bible, before me that Evening; and that Evening, to encourage him in his Attempt, I generously made him a present of my Person.

Is it to be believ'd? Nay wou'd it be believ'd? That this my second Possessor was an Accomplice with the first. But so it was; this latter Villain had it seems taken a Fancy to me, and with the Help of the first, laid this Scheme to get me. I was innocently aiding this Piece of Baseness; every Day expecting to hear of my first Gallant's Return from *London*. It had been agreed upon by me, that his Punishment shou'd be on the very Spot where he had propagated the Report; but he kept out of Town on purpose, till the other shou'd be tired of me. They carried on a strict Correspondence together; this I did not discover until I had been upwards of a Month a Slave to his Desires; I call it so, it was so I'm sure to me.

Mrs. Vielled, the elderly Gentlewoman.

Ay, and so it is to most of us, that I insist on.

Miss

Miss Ninney.

A Letter I happened to find in my Room, which dropp'd out of the Confederate's Pocket, open'd the whole Plot to me. I was for a Week almost ready for *Bedlam*, but my Resolution to be reveng'd overcame my Distraction: Just then Mr. *Borlace* came up to acquaint Mr. *Fool* there had been a Horseman at the Door, who enquired for such a Person as you are, Sir; but continued *Wit-wou'd*, tho' he describ'd Mr. *Fool* exactly, and pretended to be one of his Servants, I have seen too much of the World ever to believe what a Stranger says, so I told him I knew nothing of you, and he gallop'd away in a Hurry.

Mr. *Fool* thanked *Borlace* for his Care, yet wish'd he cou'd have seen the Fellow; for then, as he observ'd, he must have known if he really belong'd to him, or was an Imposter.

Why, this it is, reply'd *Borlace*, to overthink one's Self: I thought of every Scheme but that, and that as it happens was the only one I shou'd have thought on: But however, Reflection without the Power of Recall, is like playing a Game of Whist at second Hand.

Come

Come, Ladies, Dinner is upon the Table. I hope Mr. *Fool* will excuse this Interruption.

Reader, we hope thou wilt also excuse this Interruption; but a Hackney Writer, as well as a Hackney Horse, must bait now and then, or he never will get to the end of his Journey.

C H A P. XXII.

Conclusion of Miss Ninny's History,

THERE came down at this Time, upon a Party of Pleasure, with some more Gentlemen, a Colonel of Horse. It was always customary for every Stranger to be invited to Lady *Fool's*; for my Mama was excessively fond of Visitors. This Officer bore the best of Characters, and his Behaviour was so very engaging, that every body courted his Company. Lady *Philpot*, I found, was very particular in her Behaviour to him, and he seem'd to tell me by Eyes, he had rather have half such Civilities from me.

Both Villains were now in Town, for the Week following there was to be the Races. I cou'd not sleep, to think how basely I had been abused, and had yet found no Way to redress myself. After some Time deliberating, I resolv'd to apply to the Officer I just now mention'd. I ingenuously related to him my whole Story, and begg'd his Assistance.

The

The two, who had used me so basely, were Men of great Fortune; it was therefore not any way a lessening to his Character, for him to call them to an Account. He gave me his Honour he wou'd do it; and the first Day in the Race Week, at the Ordinary, he forc'd my first Lover to confess publicly, that every Thing which he had said of me was purely Invention, acknowledg'd himself to be a Rascal, and was usher'd down Stairs accordingly.

My second Gallant, who had that Morning in the Cockpit expos'd a *Cypress* Handkerchief, which he took off my Dressing-table; but had told every body I had given it him, was stealing away on Tip-toe, after he had been a Witness to the Disgrace of his Friend; but the Colonel, who had an Eye upon him, stepping betwixt him and the Door, stopp'd him; saying at the same time to him, calling him by his Name; and you, Sir, who pretend to distinguish yourself by the Title of a Gentleman, Where is the Trophy you have gloried in so this Morning? Here, here, my dear Captain, reply'd the other, and trembling held out the Handkerchief to him; and who, says the Colonel, when he received it, looking my Gallant stedfastly in the Face,

Face, who gave you this Favour do you say, Sir? No, no, no body pon my Soul Colonel, I found it in the Assembly-room last Night; that was his Answer.

A Laugh eccho'd round the Room, and the Colonel ordering the Door-way to be clear'd, sent him out with the same Orders his Companion had receiv'd. This News was brought Home to me immediately; and I hope my Brother won't give me up entirely to Censure, if I confess I did not long hesitate how I shou'd reward my Hero. I was always violent in what I resolv'd upon, eager to indulge the Resentment, regardless of the future, and what I once intended to gratify, I was ever resolute to accomplish.

Mrs. Veilled.

I never knew it otherways with young Persons who had Passions; but Lord help me, I have been a long while out of the World, for I have lately heard a Gentleman say, that there are a Set of very gay-dress'd Figures of both Sexes about the Town now, who seem entirely divested of all Passions, and yet they have all the Marks of Liveliness about them: They look without Expression, they talk without Meaning, and listen without Understanding; they move mechanically,

chanically, meer Machines, like Show-images, for Taylors and Milliners to display their Workmanship upon ; he call'd them Expletives in Society, and compar'd them to Weeds in Blossom.

Miss Ninny.

Lady *Fool* one Day surpriz'd the Colonel along with me, and from that Time began to treat me with vast Severity. The Counsellor, my Mama's Friend, got all our Estate into his Hands ; by one Means or other persuaded my Mama to sign first one Parchment, and then another ; on purpose, as my Lady thought, to prevent me from having any Share in it ; for it is incredible to how vast a Height her Hate was carried against me.

The Colonel was commanded into *Flanders*, where he was kill'd. Lady *Philpot* soon after broke up House-keeping, and went to the Counsellor's ; and I with a little Pocket-money, went to board at my Maid's Mother's. Lady *Philpot* declar'd, I must never presume to expect any Assistance from her.

I was at a small Farm-house, where the good People who liv'd in it, thought they never cou'd do enough for me. I had indeed always been very kind to their Daughter : So you see, Brother,

tho'

tho' Gratitude is not to be found in fine Houses, it may sometimes be met with under a thatch'd Roof. I had not been in this Retirement above a Fortnight, before their only Son came to see them from *London*. As soon as he had a Sight of me, he swore there was not such a fine Figure upon the Town. I did not understand the Meaning of his Speech, but I wish'd (as he was a well-looking young Man, and talk'd much of the Money he got, and the fine Company he kept) my Person cou'd win so far upon him, that he wou'd make me his Wife.

There was nothing I hope wicked in the Wish. I was drove almost to Despair, and the only Consolation I had was, in now and then reflecting how justly the two Villains had been punish'd, who betray'd me. After my Maid's Brother had been in the Country with us for three Weeks, he paid his Addresses to me, and proffer'd to marry me. The Time had been, when such a Proposal wou'd have been answer'd by a Horse-pond-ducking. But now, what cou'd I do? Oh, Brother, if there is one State on Earth more miserable than another, it is that of a Person of Fashion fallen to Decay. We were
lawfully

lawfully married at the Parish Church, and next Week we went up to *London*.

At first I was a little chagrin'd to find my Spouse was only a Waiter at a noted Tavern in *Pall-mall*, and all the Noblemen he boasted of being so intimate with, always when he spoke of them, calling them by their Christian Names of *Dick, Harry, Tom, Will, George*, and so on, were his Master's Guests.

However, he hired me very genteel Lodgings, and took me to all public Places, and often urg'd me to dress in a more gaudy showey Way than I had been used to, insisting to me it was all Mode: But I, who had really been brought up as a Gentlewoman ought, cou'd soon see the Difference between what was really elegant, and the Affectation of it. Continually was my Spouse praising one Man of Title or another to me, for their Wealth and Generosity; and telling me, as soon as they came to Town, he shou'd bring them to see me. This Discourse at first I cou'd not readily comprehend: However, at last I made shift to find out, that he married me only to make a Property of me, and like the Wine he bottled, serve me up to some of his Men of Quality.

In a few Days, he brought Home a very gay-dress'd and very polite Gentleman, and left us together. I am not very patient under a trifling Injury, but such an Affront as this, was much more than I cou'd bear. I burst into Tears ; the Gentleman my Visitor seem'd much surpris'd, made me many Apologies, and took his Leave of me very genteely, promising me his Protection.

When my ———, I don't know what to call him, came Home ; there is not in Language a Name base enough to call him by, who wou'd sell his Wife. When he heard how coldly I had behav'd to this his Patron, as he call'd him, he beat me, lock'd me into a Garret, fed me for a Week upon only Bread and Water, and threaten'd to have me confin'd in a Mad-house.

But this Behaviour he found was lost upon me ; I inherited too much of my Mama's Temper, to submit to such Usage. He then tried gentler Methods with me ; at last let me live as I pleas'd, only I was now and then oblig'd to bear a Visit from the Gentleman he first introduc'd to me. I did neither fret inwardly, or show any Signs of Dislike, either by my Behaviour or Conversation. Indeed I was determin'd to be reveng'd,

not

not only upon the Wretch to whom I had given my Hand, but also upon this Patron; he I resolv'd shou'd take a Share in my Resentment: For this very Person, the Man of great Rank, and consequently of great Honour, had been privy, as I accidentally discover'd, to all the cruel Treatment I had receiv'd from my Barbarian. They, according to the Gamester's Phrase, play'd into each other's Hands, just to make a poor helpless Woman their Bubble. Was it not right then think you in me, if I endeavour'd to turn the Tables upon them?

The Person whom I have so often mention'd, that profess'd himself so strenuously my Admirer, was a married Man. I went to his Lady, related my Story to her, and begg'd her Protection. Whether in telling my Story, I made her or her Husband look Little, I can't tell; but after having ey'd me from Head to Foot, before she spoke, her Face fill'd with Disdain, she replied, that she wonder'd immensely at my Impertinence, how I dared to have the Vanity to be so horribly absurd, as to imagine HER Spouse, a Man of HIS Taste, wou'd have any thing to say to such a Fright, to such a vulgar Creature as I was, and charg'd me never to dare to appear

under her Roof again, upon Pain of being committed to *Bridewell*.

How I got Home, I can hardly describe; my Limbs trembled with Passion, I was in such an Agony, my Speech fail'd me.—But luckily recollecting I had Revenge in my Power, I soon came to myself. My Wretch was gone to his Drawership's Business; I dispatch'd a Card to the *Smyrna* Coffee-house, to the very Gentleman I had just been complaining of to his Lady. He came immediately, I told him, that as he had often promis'd me his Protection, I had taken the Liberty now to demand it. He enquired in what manner he cou'd best serve me: I replied, my Husband was hateful to me, as indeed he was, and till I was releas'd from such a Wretch, I wou'd never let any Man see my Face, but hide myself down in the Country, where it shou'd be impossible to find me.

The Villain, to whom I had been married, was immediately sent for; Articles of Separation were immediately drawn: He was immediately oblig'd to sign them; tho' he fell on his Knees, wrung his Hands, begg'd me for God's Sake not to part from him. Had he behav'd to me but like a Man, the World should not have parted us, but I remem-
bered

bered the Usage I had received from him. Resentment kept me silent; and altho' it was but a mean Revenge, I confess, I enjoy'd the Anxiety he endur'd, and left him without so much as saying Adieu, and found myself once more a free Woman, in very elegant-furnish'd Lodgings at *Charing-cross*.

I took Care to let the Lady, who had so scornfully threatned me, see by my Dress and Equipage, that so vulgar a Creature as me, cou'd be taken Notice of. I was resolv'd she shou'd know also who it was that supported me in such Splendor; it was that on which I depended, to compleat my Triumph over her. As soon as she cou'd be convinc'd I was maintain'd by her Husband, all her Haughtiness vanish'd. She sent her own Brother to me, with a Proposition to this effect: That if I wou'd break off my Connection with her Spouse, I shou'd have an Annuity of fifty Pounds a Year settled upon me, and a hundred Guineas down.

The Situation this Gentleman described his Sister to be in, the happy Life they had always lived before, and the Distractions which were like to ensue betwixt two noble Families, determin'd me to

consent to a final Separation; nay, I did more, for by my Means a thorough Reconciliation was made between the Gentleman who I had parted from, and his Spouse. He has ever since been one of the most indulgent Husbands; and at his Lady's Desire, as a Testimony of her Opinion of me, has enlarg'd my annual Pension to fourscore Pounds a Year.

C H A P. XXIII.

TOM FOOL sat attentive to his Sister while she related her Distresses; attentive as a sensible Audience which follows Mr. *Garric* thro' all the Workings of *Lear*, *Hamlet*, &c. &c. the whole Pit seem inform'd with one Soul; smile, when he smiles; weep, when he mourns; and, like a fine Instrument, play'd upon by a skillful Performer, produces excellent Harmony.

Thus was Mr. *Fool* agitated during his Sister's Story. After she had finished, tenderly embracing her, he thank'd her for the good Opinion she had of him, in so ingenuously relating her Misfortunes.

Than he began a fine Discourse about the Passions, and Reason, and Prudence, and Debauch. At least if he did not say so, the Editor might do it for him. But alas, all Self-denial Subjects are become so hacknied among Mankind, that those very Topics, which are so eloquently expatiated in the *Athenian* Porticos, are at this Day dismally groan'd out in *Tottenham-Court* Tabernacle.

Mute therefore be Déclamation, and turn we to the Dowager Lady of the Manor, who had been silent almost all the Time Miss had been speaking: Yet, like a Person cut out at the Whisk-table, wishing the Rubber was over.

Mrs. *Veilleid* bowing her Head as Mr. *Fool* was expressing his Sentiments upon his Sister's Adventures, begging Pardon for interrupting him, thus the elderly Lady held forth. The Pleasures of Life are much like the old Proverb, great Cry and little Wool. I have seen many Scenes of Life, and am sick of all I have seen. Unhappy Women, as your Sister very well knows, see, hear, and know more than most Folks imagine; and were we to declare all we have experienced, Mankind wou'd be asham'd to look one another in the Face.

Poets pester us with Precedents of *Eve*, *Cleopatra*, and the *Ephesian* Matron. We are frail, very frail, but what Man can boast of Infallibility, except the Pope. And I don't think his Opinion is held to be Orthodox: We are accused of ruining Mankind, of making Men mad; but I speak from Experience they are mad before we have any Thing to do with them; mad to be with us, mad while they are with us, and as mad to leave

leave us, all their Lives only contrary Fits of madness.

I once was mantain'd by a Person whom the World call'd a great Man. He seem'd to be very fond of me, but his Desires were indelicate, irregular, and sometimes preposterous. He was profuse in his Expences upon me, and raving if I ever appear'd what he call'd indifferent to his Favours. Yet he had one of the best, and one of the finest Women in the World for his Spouse, and four as fine Children; all which he despis'd, for the empty Ostentation of being thought the Possessor of a Woman, whom Hundreds had had before him. You see, Sir, I'm as ingenuous as your Sister in my Account of myself. I despis'd him in my Heart for the Grossness of his Taste, in wasting Time, Fortune, and Reputation, upon me; who was unworthy to be Scullion to the Lady he abandon'd.

However, his Money was of Service to me, and Women of the Town, like any other Trades-people, are not to quarrel with their best Customers.

I, like a Frontier Town in Time of War, often changed my Masters. The next Person who own'd me, was a Being, whom I cou'd, properly class under no

Character; he call'd himself a Jemmy, had a very fine Estate, was very lavish of it, in buying Nick-nacks, altering his Furniture, Harness, Post Charriots, and Taverns. Jaunting with me from Inn to Inn, leaving me no other Society than the Landlady, or the melancholy Amusement of looking thro' the Sashes, at the Carriages, and Travellers that came in and out of the Place where we happened to be. He was always boasting of the many fine Women he had enjoy'd; nor wou'd he let a Lady of Quality escape him; indeed he took Care where he told his Story. It was only to the Landlord's Family, who, like other Dependants, were obliged to be silent, and seem to believe whatever their Patron was pleased to tell them. For my Part, I believe he was Innocency itself; for in the six Months of our dawdling together, I was a Vestal to him; he conversed with me as guiltless as my Brother. But with his all Vanity, and throwing away his Money, he never wou'd allow me Six-pence in my Pocket. This I cou'd not bear, and only staid with him till I cou'd fix upon a better Chapman.

I was recommended to a Man of great Taste, that was the Character given

en me of him, very rich, but very ugly. As to his Person, Women of our Profession have no Business to mind Out-sides. Kept Mistresses have no more to do with real Love, than Bailies have with Compassion. I liv'd with him in much Splendor, and great Uneasiness, foolishly fond of me in Public, and in private continually thwarting me.

He was indeed, as they said, a Man of Taste, but of a very odd one; for, as he confessed to me, Enjoyment was almost insipid to him. All his Pleasure was, to be known, to be well with some very celebrated Lady of Pleasure; and has several Times declared to me, that he wou'd not give Six-pence to lay with the most exquisite Beauty, unless she was a noted Prostitute. He was all for publick Opinion; but that Opinion cou'd not make me doat upon him: 'Tis true, he was generous enough; nay, rather pressing me sometimes to take Money; for I am not the most mercenary of my Sex; but I cou'd not like him; and as he really said, he proved too, that Enjoyment was very insipid with him, nay, rather fatiguing and disgustful.

Let those gentlemen, who are pleased to make what Remarks they think fit on our Sex, declare, that a Woman's

Person is the best Part of the Pleasure ; if her Mind or Inclination is not at all concern'd in the Agreement, the Gallant, whatever he may fancy of the Feast, has but an indifferent Share on it. I cou'd not entirely divest myself while he liv'd of all Acquaintance with him ; for after we parted, at all public Places he wou'd haunt me like my Shadow, till I compromised Affairs with him : He was to allow me five Guineas a Week, upon Condition I walk'd with him at *Ranelagh*, wou'd let him drive me to *Epsom* Races, call of him in a Chair three Mornings in the Week at the *Smyrna*, *Slaughter's*, and the *Bedford* Coffee-houses, and once a Week, in the Season, sup with him in *Vauxhall* Gardens under the Orchestra, while the Musick play'd.

This Agreement I inform'd the Gentleman of, with whom I went next to live ; but he was too careless a Creature I found, to concern himself about our Sex ; he told me, that he kept me merely for an Amusement, he lik'd my Figure and Conversation ; but all he did for me was to please himself ; that a Man of Sense cou'd not be jealous of a Woman of the Town ; as to my Time, I was very welcome to do what I wou'd
with

with it when he did not want me, provided I was careful of my Health.

This strange Negligence of his made a deeper Impression on me than all the Affiduities I had receiv'd from others; cou'd he now and then, or wou'd he now and then, have behav'd but commonly civil to me, I shou'd have doated on him; but he was quite a *Hottentot*, he never had an amiable Moment. There is a Time when Tenderness takes Place of Riot, and even Savageness itself is softened; but 'twas not so with him; he was all Hurly-burly. When I have artlessly indeed express'd myself fondly, something like Love for a Minute stealing over my Senses, he has interrupted my Indulgence, with pshah, don't think to make a Fool of me,—Hum, Boys and old Men, such as I am, are not to be caught with Chaff.

I quitted him for a famous Fox-hunter, the finest Fellow in *England*; so every body told me he was; tho' a great Lump of Tobacco, which swell'd out his lower Lip, the first Time he saluted me, gave me no great Opinion of his Delicacy. However, I accepted of him, and my Acquaintance congratulated me upon my Luck, in having so accomplished a Lover, a Man of such fine

Sense; such he might have, I believe, when sober, and a great many other princely Qualities; but I liv'd with him a Month, and he was continually fuddled; I parted from him fearful of my Constitution.

The next Day after I had left my last Lover, I chanced to get acquainted with one, who was really a clever Fellow; but then he had not Six-pence; that I did not then mind, I had enough, and I resolv'd, since for some Time I had been a Slave to Man's various Inclinations, I wou'd make one of that Sex subject to mine; and after so much Labour, resolv'd to have some Holidays.

For the first three or four Days that I had this Genius with me, he was the most entertaining Person I had ever kept Company with. But he soon grew out of Temper, he wanted to be in the wide World again; not contented to be with me, and have every Thing elegant about him—no—he wanted a Ramble: Regularity to him was a *Barbary* Slavery. I found him too witty to have any Sense. There was no more fixing him than Smoke. Yet I was so bigotted to him, that I offer'd to sell my fine Furniture, retire into the Country, marry him, and live honest, I shall never forget his Answer. No, Madam (he reply'd)

reply'd) there's an Act of Parliament against Monopolies. You belong to the Public, and I have too great a Regard to my Country, to pretend to keep that for my own Use, which, like the New River, has and ought to serve half the Town. Besides, shou'd such a Thing happen, I must banish myself from my own Sex's Society; since I never cou'd meet too Acquaintance, but I must be very certain one of them, at least, had lain with my Wife.

I was mad with his Refusal, yet I own I admired his Spirit. We parted in a Pett; and altho' we both, I believe, wish'd to come together again, neither of us wou'd speak first. I never after that had the least Affection for Mankind. On the contrary, they grew more and more disagreeable to me; when a foolish Fellow of Fortune had me, his Behaviour made me loath him; when a jealous Man was my Master, my Furniture was always in Danger. A Sot impair'd my Health; a Wit ruined me; a Gamester made a Slave of me; young Fellows fretted me; old Men fatigued me; and with a marry'd Man I was in continual Alarms.

I have in every Stage of Life found enough to make me miserable; and

there is not any Set of Beings so contradictoryly titled as we are, by those who call us Women of Pleasure ; like Sailors, we get our Money in much Danger, and throw it away on just the same Follies, Dresses, Midnight Riotings, Hackney Horses, and Spunging (that is to say) on gawdy Landladies.

C H A P.

C H A P. XXIV.

TH A T Evening *Tom Fool* told his Sister the Resolution he had made, to leave *England*; but this Miss *Ninny* vehemently oppos'd, desiring her Brother not to revenge himself upon himself; that all Rashness was ridiculous. Mrs. *Veillied* observed, that the World was at such a Pass at present, that it was not worth any one's while to trouble their Heads about it. *Borlace* swore, that a Gentleman of Sense shou'd never let Passion get the better of his Reason; and that we ought well to weigh the Consequence of every Intention, before we committed it to Practice.

This Mr. *Fool* promis'd to do, and gave his Word and Honour, that he wou'd not determine in a Hurry on what he had to do. However, he observed, as the next Day wou'd be *Sunday*, and as he found himself so well heal'd, he wou'd go to Church in the Morning, to give Thanks for his Escape and Recovery.

Mrs. *Veilleid*, Miss *Ninny*, and *Borlace*, look'd upon one another as if, they said, we fear the Gentleman's growing
light-

light-headed; they wou'd not contradict him, for fear of making him worse, seem'd to approve his Design, but hinted it was Bed-time. After they had seen Mr. *Fool* to Bed, they returned to hold a Consultation together; they agreed *nem con*, that his Senses were not perfectly sound; and yet, replied Mrs. *Veilleid*, you see not one Observation I made at Supper escaped him; he has certainly a deal of Penetration: And who cou'd behave better than he did, (replied Miss *Ninny*) when he commended me so, for the manner in which I had related my Story. Certainly, says Mr. *Borlace*, Mr. *Fool* is a very fine Man, yet he is not the first Gentleman of extraordinary Sense, whose Head has by Sicknefs been turn'd awry: Besides, consider, he has only drank Water, Tea, and plain Gruel, ever since he came; his Blood must consequently be thin, and poor, and run cold, and make him fancy strange Megrimms. You see he began about Church; we must not contradict him, but let him go; I hope it won't make him worse tho'.

It was unanimously agreed, that *Wit-wou'd*, tho' it was Night, shou'd have a Horse saddled immediately, and set off to Mr. *Fool*'s House, and let Lady *Fool* know.

know where her Spouse was. Miss *Ninny* wrote her Ladyship a Letter; then the two Gentlewomen retired to rest, and *Borlace* gallop'd away full of Spirits.

Sunday Morning.

Mr. *Fool* went into the Church the instant the Doors were open'd; he had therefore Time enough to walk about according to Custom, and amuse himself by staring at one odd Thing or another; as indeed there is in most Places of Worship. As he fauntred about, he might gaze at the Ceiling, pore over the painted Glafs, or read the gold-letter'd Account of the several celebrated Benefactors.

Imprimis. How a Squire left forty Shillings *per Annum*, for a yearly Sermon against Drunkenness, to be preach'd on the Day the Mayor was chose.

Item. That his Honour left thirty-six Shillings *per Annum* to the Ringers, for a Peal to be rung on the first Day of *April*.

Item. How that the Lady of the Manor left fifty Pounds to new Fringe the Pulpit Cloth, and line the Family Pew.

Item.

Item. That the Reverend Vicar of the Church left two hundred Pounds, to buy a new Set of chased Plate for the Communion-table, and twenty Pounds for two Velvet Cushions, with Gold Tassels.

Item. The same Reverend Gentleman left twelve Shillings *per Annum*, to be divided among twenty-four poor House-keepers on *Christmas-day*.

Item. Dame *Ursula*, his Wife, left ten Pounds *per Annum*, for ever, to new gild yearly, the Iron Rails round her Tomb.

There were several other Benefactions, equally as devout, essential, and charitable. But Mr. *Fool* took no Notice of any of these Things; it was odd indeed; but he did not so much as transcribe one Epitaph, to communicate it to the Public for a Curiosity, either for the Goodness of its Puns, or the Badness of its Spelling.

While he was at Church, a religious Awe fill'd his Mind, which made him solely intent upon the Business he came about.

Oh, resentful Reader, whether you are a polite Person, or a witty one, despise not the Hero of this History, for being so horridly out of Fashion, as to be at Church

Church from a Principle of unfeign'd Devotion.—Remember he is but a Fool.

Thou and I, and the rest of the joyous Class of choice Spirits, have too much Sense to suffer ourselves so to be impos'd upon.

When Morning-prayer was over ; for it was not this Parish's Turn to have a Sermon every *Sunday*, altho' the Living was worth above a hundred Pounds *per Annum*, and held in *Commendam* with three more Pluralities, by the Reverend Mr. ****, Prebend of ****, and Chaplain to **** ; yet the Incumbent was so frugal in Church Affairs, that he hired a Cantab. out of Preferment, at ten Shillings per Sabbath, to do Duty for him at all his inferior Spiritualities ; so that the Deputy was oblig'd to hurry over the Job, having no less than four more Churches to read Prayers and Sermons at, that very Day.

Tom Fool chearfully walk'd through the Church-yard, with a Mind fill'd with that heaven-bestow'd Tranquility, which always accompany true Devotion ; and as he look'd on the lovely Landscapes around him, gratefully contemplated the Wonders of Creation.

So

So much was he busied in Meditation, he mistook his Road ; being a Stranger to the Country, he walk'd until he came to four Roads ; then look'd round for the Church he came from, and resolv'd to make up to it again, thinking from hence he cou'd hit upon the right Path ; but like many wiser Men, only took much Pains to be more out of the Way. He grew tired, and under a wide-branching Oak, in the midst of a smooth-mown Grass-plat, he sat down : The Fatigue he had undergone made him drowzy ; and laying at his Length, gave himself up to the gentle Indulgence of strength-recruiting Sleep ; fast as the Ale-drinking Alderman, who snores in his Pew after Dinner, during Sermon-time.

The Lady of the Manor had been walking that Afternoon with her Woman along the Meadows ; her House was but two Fields off from the Spot where Mr. *Fool* rested himself ; he cou'd not discover it, because a thick Grove prevented on that Side a Foot-passenger's View. When she came to the Place where *Tom* lay, she was surpriz'd ; her Maid was dismally frighten'd, and wou'd have run Home to call for Help, but she was order'd to stay, Curiosity just then

then giving the Lady a Twitch by the Sleeve, observing the sleepy Person to be well-dress'd; she walk'd up gently towards him, and began softly to praise his Figure.

Indeed Mem, as you say, (replied Mrs. Pinner) he is the most genteelest Man I have seen out of *London*, and yet you may see Mem he has been walking a good way, by the Dust upon his Shoes and Stockings; and Mem what a white Hand he has, too, and *Dresden* Ruffles on:—As sure as God made the World he's a Gentleman, Mem, and may-hap misfortuneable in Love, for I thought as how he sigh'd.—Pray Mem let me wake him, for ~~that~~ may hap some Vermin should bite him.

Her Mistress was as willing as her Woman, to know what cou'd bring a well-dress'd, agreeable-looking Man on Foot there; took a Pinch of Snuff, and lightly let it fall upon his upper Lip;—he sneez'd,—wak'd,—started up, and beheld the lovely Miss *Demirep* standing before him.

Tom Fool made an unaffected Apology for his being there, hop'd he had committed no Trespafs; told the Lady he was a Stranger who had lost his Way, and begg'd she wou'd permit
one

one of her Servants to set him into the right Road.

Mr. *Fool's* Countenance was open and florid, the Tone of his Voice particularly sweet, and plaintive; his Eyes were not broad-stretch'd into a rude Stare, but he now and then lift them up while he was speaking, and his Look was tender, modest, and sensible, yet his whole Deportment seem'd to speak a Mind in Grief, at least Miss *Demirep* thought so, and the Appearance of Distress is sure to waken a delicate Sympathy in female Minds; which, to the Shame of mighty Man be it known, all our Reading cannot make us Masters of, nor all our Writings properly describe.

Upon Miss *Demirep's* Invitation, *Tom Fool* attended her to the Hall; where, with a Grace peculiar to fine Women of Fashion, she requested he wou'd let her know how she cou'd be of Service to him; hop'd he wou'd give her Leave to assure him, that the Laws of Hospitality flourish'd under her Roof.—To be sure it might seem odd,—but as she was above Disguise herself, flatter'd herself he was so too:—Perhaps she might be wrong,—but she fancied he had lost something more than his Way.

Tom

Tom Fool was not so eager to relate his Adventures, as she was to hear them. He told the Lady he was a Gentleman, —had been hurt by false Friendships, and from thence took Occasion to declaim on the Falshoods of Mankind.

Miss *Demirep*, in whose Heart Compassion had a noble Dwelling - place, view'd him with Pity ; but 'twas a Pity mix'd with Approbation. She took Part in all he said, look'd as he look'd, sigh'd as he sigh'd ; his Mind she found was manly as his Person, his Sentiments generous and tender, his Observations judicious, yet without either Flattery or Rancour.

Tom, who was amorous as *Ovid*, survey'd with Attention the Brilliancy of the Lady's Figure, and discover'd, by conversing with her, how elegant her Mind was enrich'd. Thus by Degrees the Understanding, the Accomplishments, each discover'd in each, rais'd a reciprocal Esteem ; pleas'd with the Entertainment, they sat up together till Morning ; and even then the Day wou'd have been unheeded by them, tho' the Sun darted his Rays cross the Room, had not Mrs. *Pinner* ventured in, to beg Leave to know when Mem wou'd please to have Breakfast.

Next

Next Day Mr. *Fool* sent one of Miss *Demirep*'s Servants to his Sister's, to let her know where he was, for *Tom* seem'd not in a hurry to quit his Quarters : He and the lovely Miss *Demirep* soon confess'd to each other the praise-worthy Opinions they had conceiv'd, as none but noble Minds are capable of such undisguis'd Sentiments,—so none but noble Minds will believe this Passage,—but it was so ;—they own'd a mutual—a—why shou'd we be asham'd to relate it. This Performance is design'd to be a History of Nature ; of Nature actuated by honest Instinct.—Therefore, with Submission to all abstracted Speculatists, must acknowledge Mr. *Fool*'s lovely Hostess, soon brought his own Lady in less guilty ; or to come nearer common Sense, *Tom Fool*, in the Arms of Miss *Demirep*, found an universal Consolation.

His Lady indeed, met with a momentary one, on the arrival of Mr. *Borlace* : That Gentleman, as we have before mentioned, set out in the Night for *Fool-ball*. As soon as he had reach'd it, and discover'd to Mrs. *Susan*, that he came from her Master, and that Mr. *Fool* was in Health, and unhurt, the whole House was overjoy'd, and
Borlace

Borlace carefs'd in a very extraordinary Manner, as the Messenger of glad Tidings.

Lady *Fool*, who had until that Time kept her Room, and whose Health was visibly impaired, order'd her Post-chariot to be got ready immediately, and return with Mr. *Borlace*, to fling herself (as she very afflictingly express'd herself) at her dear Husband's Feet. When she alighted at Mrs. *Veillied's*, and miss'd of seeing her Spouse, she was almost distracted with the Disappointment, her Ladyship imagining Mr. *Fool* shun'd her, she return'd Home heavy at Heart, altho' Miss *Ninny*, whom she took with her, us'd every Argument imaginable to comfort her.

As soon as her Ladyship returned Home, she sent for her Attorney; for as there was most Part of the Estate vested in her, so as she cou'd dispose of it without her Husband's Consent, yet she made a Will, and left him whole and sole Executor: And it must be allow'd, she cou'd not be too careful in an Undertaking of such Consequence; for tho' the Law is the Grand Elixir for *England's* Constitution, it is not amiss to be aware of Counterfeits.

C H A P. XXV.

MR. *Fool* had been at the amiable Miss *Demirep*'s above a Week, before he had Time to relate all his Adventures; he had often begun, and often had she interrupted him, either by tenderly sympathising with his Distresses, or bursting out into Praises of his Disinterestedness.

At the Conclusion of his Story, eagerly pressing him to her Breast, she sigh'd, oh, God, what must that Woman be who cou'd wrong you!

At that Instant Mrs. *Pinner* entering, acquainted Mr. *Fool*, that there was a Man came on Horse-back, that had a Letter, which he will deliver into nobody's Hands, but your Honour's. And indeed, Mem (continued Mrs. *Pinner*) addressing herself to Miss *Demirep*, as soon as Mr. *Fool* left the Room, I believe as how it is from the Gentleman's House, for the Man axt for his Master.

Miss Demirep.

Do you, Mrs. *Pinner*, see that the Man is very well entertain'd; but order all my Servants not to ask the Man any Questions

Questions about the Family he lives in, upon any Account.

Mrs. Pinner.

No to be sure, Mem,

[*Exit Mrs. Pinner.*]

Now my Comates, keen Tenants of the upper Story, and Fellow Plagiarists, here is the lovely Miss *Demirep* alone, in a warm Room, on a soft Settee, her Senses all in a flutter.

See how she looks: Ay, how? That is the Question; for to be free and faithful to every good Reader, we second-hand Copyers are seldom admitted Tete a Tete into a Woman of Fashion's Retiring-room; we cannot therefore critically say how they look, or what they converse about: Yet, as some Painters have copy'd *Madonas* from their Mistresses; we Journeymen Journalizers often avail ourselves of our Acquaintance, the Women of the Town, and palm their Figures, dress Bons mots and Behaviour upon the Injudicious for illustrious Originals.

Let the Members of our pen-stumping Society make as much Parade as they please about high Life, and so forth; we are as much unacquainted with it, as we are with the Heathen

M

Gods

Gods and Goddeffes, that we jumble together in our jingling Invocations.

Yet if any particular Reader (as some Readers are very particular) wou'd be inform'd what Colour Miss *Demirep's* Eyes were, whether her Locks were fastened, or fell loosely in flowing Curls upon her Shoulders; whether she was in full Dress, or in Dishabille; if it was Coffee or Chocolate she had breakfasted upon; how many shaking Mandarins nodded upon her Chimney-piece; what sort of Paper the Room was lined with; and how broad the *Turkey* Carpet was that covered the Flooring? They shall be inform'd immediately. Come Spirit of minute Description inspire me.—But I am interrupted, Mr. *Fool* is returned with a Brace of Letters in his Hand; he very gracefully presents them to Miss *Demirep*. Reader, we must be inform'd of the Contents, one way or other, every Body will satisfy their Curiosity. The Lady has unfolded them, I know it is not good Manners—however, we'll give a Peep over her Shoulder.

“LET-

L E T T E R the F I R S T.

“ Dear Brother,

“ **W**E are all very much concern'd
 “ at your not coming back to Mrs.
 “ *Veilleid's* that *Sunday*. However, we
 “ are all rejoiced to hear you are well.
 “ I am at present along with your
 “ Spouse, *Lady Fool*, at your own House.
 “ Your Lady is in a very declining
 “ Way; she having had two Fits of
 “ Apoplexy, and her Physicians de-
 “ clare, that if she has another she is a
 “ dead Woman. Therefore I beg as
 “ soon as you have read the inclos'd,
 “ you will set out, which is all at pre-
 “ sent from your loving Sister.

N. FOOL.”

“ P. S. Compliments to Miss *Demirep*.

L E T T E R the S E C O N D.

“ Dear injur'd Husband,

“ **I** Conjure you to be so merciful, as to
 “ return to me, if it be only to close
 “ the dying Eyes of your unhappy
 “ Wife, who was betray'd, -intoxicated,
 “ and undone, by Villany.

“ Yours, till Death,

“ H. FOOL.”

After Miss *Demirep* had read those Letters, she return'd them to Mr. *Fool*; but her Hand she had not withdrawn from his. In that Position, for some Moments, they stood silent; tenderly looking at each other; at length *Tom Fool*, his Eyes glistening with Compassion, thus address'd her.

Madam, had not the Hospitality Miss *Demirep* has shewn to a poor wandering Outcast, bound him by the strictest Ties of Gratitude, not to depart without first, at least, acknowledging the Favours he had receiv'd, I should not hesitate a Moment obeying the Purport of these Advices; but circumstanced as I am, 'tis to you, and you only, I apply for Advice. What am I, Madam, to do?

Miss Demirep.

To go.—To go this Instant.—I may be irregular, but am not abandon'd—I love mightly, but not meanly.—Therefore go, this Instant go. 'Tis not my Advice alone, but my Intreaty, go. And may your Presence preserve your Lady's Health. At the same Time she spoke this, checking a swelling Sigh, which Passion, in Spite of Reason's Teeth, was bursting out with. Then
stepped

stepped forward to throw her Arms about his Neck, and take a parting Embrace——but recollecting, that her Carresses might detain him some Minutes, she check'd herself, and broke from him, saying,——No, not a Kiss of mine shall stop you a Moment on an Event like this——Adieu——And immediately rush'd up Stairs into her Dressing-room.

Just as Mr. *Fool* reach'd Home, his Lady had another Fit; and as the Faculty had fortold, lived but two Days after her Husband's Return, leaving him in clear Possession of full two thousand Pounds *per Annum*, and several Sums of ready Money.

As soon as the Banners or Burial was over, Mr. *Fool* sent for Mr. *Borlace*, and with an Ingenuoufness peculiar to the noble-minded Part of Mankind, told him;

Mr. *Borlace*; Providence has been pleas'd to favour me with a large Independency; therefore I look upon it as my Duty to lay out the Superfluity of my Income, in endeavouring to make those happy, I think deserve it. I will neither maintain Race-horses, to enrich Grooms; nor make sumptuous Entertainments, to cram Flatterers; or let

my Servants learn the Way to Profusion—no—I am beholding to that Being, to whom we all owe our Beings; and how can I testify my Gratitude? He stands not in Need of any Thing I have; but I will endeavour to copy some small Part of his Goodness, and be bountiful in my Turn; for rich Men are, or shou'd be, God's Agents for him to the Poor.

I am not now to be told the Disposition my Sister and you entertain for each other—but her Husband is living; as soon as I can legally procure a Divorce, I will, if I can, make you happy together.

As you left your Affairs in *London* in Disorder, you will find in this Pocket-~~book~~ a Sufficiency, I believe, to defray your Creditors Demands; and this I wou'd have you do immediately; set out for Town To-morrow Morning. You'll excuse me Mr. *Borlace*; but as you have seen and suffered so much, you are sufficiently wean'd from the Weakness of Indiscretions.

Witwoud wanted to throw himself at Mr. *Fool's* Feet, called him his Guardian Angel, and by several desperate Oaths, wou'd have given Bond for his good Behaviour, but his Friend prevented him: However, nothing cou'd hinder *Borlace* from swearing he despised Debauchery, cursing

curfing the Madnefs of Riot, and execrating all the Folly of Extravagance; and concluded with a very pathetic Observation, concerning Mifery and Contempt.

Thus is the Apothegm of *Aristotle* made out. Man may know much of every Thing in the World except himfelf; for, as it was impoffible for him to be in *London* with Money in his Pocket, and not be found out by his Friends; fo it was for him, when found out, to avoid keeping Company with them. For what Man of Spirit wou'd be ftigmatiz'd with the odious Appellation of a damn'd sneaking Fellow? *Borlace* therefore, being a Man of Spirits, willing to convince his Friends, whatever Alterations he had undergone, were all for the better, kept it up, indeed, was quite the Thing, *ad unguem*. As his Honour and Sir *Thomas* told him, fhaking him heartily by the Hand; damn them, if they wou'd not back him for a Thoufand, and take him againft the Field.

As we have therefore brought him to *London*, and left him in fuch good Company, we muft return to look after our other Paffengers.

It is Time to bring this Bundle of many Sections to a tolerable Conclusion;

and we will immediately do it, according to the present practis'd Rules of Memoir-writing. We have taken them thro' Pages sufficient to swell this Work into two Volumes. And now we have nothing to do but marry them off; like *Fleet Parsons*, we must be expeditious in our Vocation: For we have many Sweethearts in Pairs, who, like Country-dancing Couples, stand on Tip-toe to be at it.

In a little Time after *Witwoud Borlace's* Arrival in *London*, Miss *Ninny* went up, to see every Thing was in proper Order in the late Lady *Fool's* Town-house. The Reader may easily guess who was shortly to be Mistress of it, and as soon as Decency cou'd allow it, Mr. *Fool* paid Miss *Demirep* a Visit.

Ye delicate Sensibilities, whose Minds are untainted by the Insipidities of Fashion's Multitude: Ye, who nobly relish Friendship's Feasts, Fancies flow, and every Beat of Heart distended Rapture; form to yourselves the Meeting betwixt such a Pair as Mr. *Fool* and the lovely Miss *Demirep*.

All was Embrace, all was Rapture, all was Admiration.—When gently leading her to the love-receiving Settee, he thus addressed the all-attentive Lady.
Behold

Behold me now, Madam, possess'd of an unincumber'd Estate of upwards of two thousand Pounds a Year. I know the Nobleness of your Disposition too well, not to be conscious Wealth can't win you ; yet such is the Custom of the World. I have no other way to show myself worthy of what I wish for. Don't be offended, Madam, let me not, by being too peremptory, shock your Delicacy. [*Kneeling*] Forgive me if I too much presume,—but thus I offer you my Hand—to become your Husband, is all that I wish for, to compleat, to fix me happy.

The Lady was too much astonish'd to bid him rise ; a thousand Thoughts rush'd by Turns to her Mind ; for above a Minute she sat silent, looking with Wonder at him ; yet it was not an avaritious Hesitation, whether she shou'd, or shou'd not take his Offer,—no--she was charm'd, —amaz'd,—enraptur'd, with her Lover's Behaviour. As soon as she found herself settled enough to reply, this was her Answer.

Thou Pattern of true Principle,—I may justly glory of possessing what few Ladies ever cou'd boast of,—a real Lover. But shall a Man show such Honour, such Gratitude, to one of our Sex,

and shall not that one return it?—She will, tho' to that Honour she sacrifices Happiness.—I cannot, Sir, I must not go with you to the Altar.—I'm,—I'm unworthy;—I love you beyond Life,—I wou'd wander with you in Want, and bear the World's Contempt to call you mine, but my own Contempt I can't endure. Had I only transgress'd with you, I cou'd have excus'd it; nay, vindicated it to myself; but to deliver my Person to you in the sacred Tie of Wedlock, when that Person has been the Property of others! What! Shall I demean the Man my Soul doats on? Twou'd distract me to think, (for think I shou'd) that any Man cou'd dare to say of one so worthy as you,—I have had his Wife.

As your Mistress I'll be faithful, but not dishonour you as, —heigh ho,—perhaps I overstrain this Point; Women like me, think different from the rest of our Sex; we are apt to refine too much, or be too regardless;—this I feel now I have done. Never before did I look upon what the World calls Innocence, but as a Weakness of Understanding; never cou'd I have thought such Anxiety wou'd arise in the Mind, from only reflecting on lost Reputation.—Don't think the worse of me, Sir, for this Confession,

—no.

—no Lady ever gave up before me more than I,—oh,—God,—what shall I say? —If these are Self-denials, well may those Persons be proud, who can put them in Practice.

Tom Fool.

But, Madam, are we to live for the World, or ourselves?

Miss.

Hush, for Heaven's Sake, don't be your own Advocate against yourself. It is as much as all my Resolution can do, to keep the Field against Inclination;—and if you take its Part— [*Enter Mrs. Pinner*] Whose there?

Mrs. Pinner.

Beg Pardon, Mem,—but your Company's come, Mem, and you always order'd me to let you know to a Moment, Mem.

The abrupt Entrance of the Domestic, made this Dialogue end very unsatisfactory. Mr. *Fool* took a Turn upon the Terrace, and Miss *Demirep* retired for a Moment into her Dressing-room, to compose herself for the Reception of her Visitors.

We shall name, or announce them (a better Phrase) in the Manner they alighted.

M. 6

Imprimis.

Imprimis. Madam *Vander Doit*, formerly the fine *Batilda*, for her *Dutch Merchant*, had bought out Mr. *Israel's* Property in her, and by a Licence from *Doctōr's-Commons*, made her entirely his own.

Secondly. Sir *Tasty* handing Lady *Pillow*.

Third Couple. Were young *Blood*, who usher'd Sir *Tasty's* Lady, whose Maiden-Name was *Bonville*; and as it is mention'd in the former part of this Register, the Baronet was about to make her a Settlement,—he did so,—but after some Time they parted.

It was just before Lady *Grotto* and Sir *Tasty* came down into the Country, and met *Junior* at the Inn, as before-mention'd.

When the Baronet and the Inn-keeper's Wife were in *London* together, Miss *Bonville* hearing that Sir *Tasty* had a new Mistress, she threw herself in his Way, in a very advantageous Situation, appearing at *Ranelagh* three or four Times, with a Star and Garter, as her Attendant Squire, and three or four more Men of Dignity, crouding about her.

Love, like a Lease, is often renewable, and the Baronet thought her ten-times more handsome than ever, begg'd Leave

to wait on her, enquir'd her Address, and all Lace and Feather next Day at Noon-time he waited for her in her first Floor.

She enter'd the Room, stately as a School-mistress; he rose to salute her; she drew back and gave him a Look, cold as a Creditor; he was disconcerted, his Face fell, he saluted her Hand, she begg'd he'd be seated: The Baronet quite amaz'd, bow'd, squatted into a Chair, stammer'd, begg'd Pardon, pull'd out his Snuff-box, got up and sat down again; then rose, made a new Apology, shut up his Snuff-box, look'd thro' the Sash, wonder'd, and slid into his Chair again.

Miss *Bonville*, grave as a Lady Abbess at Vespers, talk'd about Sin, old Age, Death-beds, and being virtuous. Sir *Tasty* swore, bit his Nails, quoted Scraps of Plays. Miss *Bonville* burst out into Tears.

Sir Tasty.

Madam, by Heavens, you are mad, and have turn'd Methodist.

Miss Bonville.

No, Sir, you injure me, but I have made a Vow, and that Vow is register'd in Heaven, never to hold Trust or Commerce more with Man, until those Dealings

Dealings are sanctified by matrimonial Law.

Sir Tasty.

Do you expect that I shou'd marry you Child? Something high that faith.

Miss Bonville.

No, Sir *Tasty*, but there is a Silk-mercer in *Fleet-street*, to whom I have given my Consent.

Sir Tasty.

The Devil you have, so my two hundred Pounds a Year is to furnish out a Cit's Shop with Silks and Sattins, is it?—No—Damme then—not to be humm'd in that manner neither;—I've a Scheme to stop that.

This Scheme he put in Execution the Week following,—it was only marrying the Lady himself, and that was saving his two hundred Pounds a Year; her Ladyship became in an Instant a Pattern of Reformation.—So Chaste, that at the very Mention of a kept Mistress, she lifts up her Hands and Eyes, and wonders how there can be such Women?

Just as they were seated, Mr. *Fool* enter'd; his being in Mourning made him look more agreeable. The Assembly seem'd to be surpris'd; Madam *Vander Doit*, in a Whisper, congratulated *Demirep*, Lady *Tasty* stared, Lady *Pillow*

low sigh'd, young *Blood* swore he thought he knew the Gentleman; Sir *Tasty* declared—he shou'd be loth to give Offence, but pon his onner he cou'd be almost tempted to back his Opinion; two Faces might be a like to be sure,—but—he cou'd like to have five hundred on't. Miss *Demirep*, to cure him of Suspence (I won't say she had any secret Satisfaction in it) undertook to be Lady Usher, and introduc'd the young Widower, by Name, to all the good Company.

Mr. *Fool* the next Day received a Letter from *Borlace*, that his Presence was very necessary just then in *London*, for the late Lady *Fool* had large Concerns in the *West-Indies*, left her by her first Husband, which indeed she had never much minded; therefore *Witwoud*, in his Advice to Mr. *Fool*, desired him to come up immediately, observing that Money-matters in some of our Colonies, are not transacted by Agents with that Peripicuity as we cou'd wish.

His amiable Hostess did not indeed press him to put off his Journey; she fear'd Lady *Pillow*, who she observ'd had an unusual Softness in her Eyes just at this Time, and was for ever looking at *Tom Fool*; his Heart Miss *Demirep* had prov'd was all Tendernefs, therefore

fore she was alarm'd, least he might be inclined to Pity at least; and she knew by her own Disposition, wherever Pity was taken in for a Tenant, Love soon came to be a Lodger there.

Soon after *Tom Fool*, and Miss *Demirep* having handsomely acquitted herself of her Visitants, stepp'd into her Post-chaise for her *London* Journey: How often upon the Road did she rail at Tyrant-custom, then curse our boasting Sex, then blame herself for her own Delicacy.

On the other Side, how wou'd she sometimes congratulate herself upon her Resignation, her Resolution, her Martyrdom, as she term'd it.

He must love me for it, I'm conscious he must (thus she pleased herself with reflecting) he does, he will,——tho' I shall not have him for a Husband, yet *as* a Husband he's mine, he will be mine; mine, and only mine;—but all is not Gold that looks so;—every Reckoning is not always right.—However, we will so far reckon right, as here to finish the Chapter; and the next we begin, with Joy the Editor declares it to be.

C H A P. XXVI.

WHEN *Tom Fool* came to *London*, he found *Borlace* had made a very bad Use of the Sum he had been intrusted with; *Witwoud* also had been rather too premature, in communicating to his Companions the History of his good Fortune with *Mr. Fool*; nay, to his very great Intimates, he whisper'd, that he had had *Miss Fool*; and hinted something about patching up Reputations, and that Matrimony's Pill shou'd be well sweetned.

Curse on that Flippancy of Tongue; Why will you, ye maudlin Declaimers, why will ye form such midnight Friendships? Ye Mementos of Indiscretion, who persist, spite of Shame or Sufferings, like venom-breathing Serpents, to discharge Infection from your Mouths.

Miss Ninny had not conducted herself with the utmost Circumspection, during her Abode in *London*: Her Behaviour at public Places, prejudic'd the grave Part of the World from entertaining a good Opinion, either of her Morals or Understanding. It is not worth while to describe her Dress, or her Manner at
public

public Places : We see many fine Ladies, whose Actions and Appearance seem to say (like the Founder of the Feast, when Dinner's upon the Table) Come, Gentlemen, won't ye please to fall to.

Her Brother very mildly expostulated with her, and mention'd the Word Decency.—She replied, Stuff; but she spoke that Word aside, to herself. He observ'd to her, that no Person shou'd incur, if they cou'd help it, the World's Censures.—That she took very ill ;——did not Answer him indeed, but begg'd Leave to retire ; and ready to burst with Vexation, hurried into her own Apartment, flung herself into an arm'd Chair, and with Tears told her Woman, as the Maid held out the Lavender Drops to her,—*Hannah*, my Brother is become a perfect Tyrant, *that* Miss *Demirep* has set him against me.

But to *Witwoud Borlace*, *Tom Fool* was more severe : He reprov'd him very sharply ; nay, was almost angry with him, for so ridiculously squandering away a Sum of Money ; which, as Mr. *Fool* told him, was the Property of his Creditors.

Witwoud, who not only had a great Share of Spirits, but had also a great Spirit,

Spirit, cou'd ill brook to be told of his Faults, by one much younger than himself, and who had not seen half so much of the World neither.—He was mad in his Mind,—but had Cunning enough to conceal it.

He told *Tom Fool* a long Story how he was made drunk, he cou'd not tell how ; and then indeed he did, he cou'd not tell what ; that he had a great many Enemies, and that they had rais'd a Parcel of Reports out of Envy against him ; that for his Part, he was fuddled at first, by the only Method that cou'd have made him so, which was drinking Bumpers to Mr. *Fool's* Health.—However, he wou'd not drink any more, for he saw now it was a Plant against him, to get me Sir out of your Favour ; for I'll be doubly damn'd before I'd give so good a Man as you an Offence.

But this Concession only lasted before *Tom Fool*, for the Moment he left the Parlour, he flew to Miss *Ninny* ; and after giving Vent to half-a-dozen full-mouth'd Oaths, he declar'd her Brother to be a mean-spirited Fellow : What's his Money to me ? Or where wou'd he have had any Money if it had not been for me ?——Damn it, is such a Man as
I am

I am to be school'd; as if I was sent like a Servant to Market, and so must give an Account of every Penny and Two-pence. I tell you what *Ninny*, had he not been your Brother, I shou'd have answer'd him in another Way, I assure you.

Miss Ninny.

Indeed, *Witwoud*, I am horribly chagreen'd my Brother shou'd behave so; I can't conceive what can make him so execrably in the Wrong; and must confess, am undetermin'd how to behave in this Affair.

Borlace.

But I am not, and I'll tell you the only Thing we have to do in this Affair: If we don't put some Stop to this, your Brother will always be calling us to an Account for what we do, and where we go; now that I'd not bear from the great *Mogul*. I know he loves you dearly, and if you was to leave him a little, it wou'd bring him to a better Way of Thinking. The only Thing we have to do, is this: We must shew a proper Spirit of Resentment.

Miss Ninny.

By all Means, Mr. *Borlace*.

Mr. Borlace.

Mr. *Borlace*.

Very well, therefore let you and I take a little Journey together. I can raise some Money I know. You shall leave a Letter for him, wherein you shall tell him, the Severity of his Behaviour to you has drove you away. This will make him uneasy,—he'll do any Thing to bring you back again. He'll send Post for us ; but before we return, we'll come into some Agreement with him : Let me alone with him for that, I know enough of the World to manage your Brother, I warrant you ; then we shall live just as we like, and he'll never find Fault with us again, for fear you shou'd go away, never to return.

However ridiculous this Scheme was, Miss *Fool*, whose whole Life had been but a Series of indiscreet Attachments, at once came into it ; nay, she rejoiced to think she had an Opportunity to be reveng'd of her Brother, for his scolding her. On the Evening that Miss *Demirep* came to Town, they two took Post for *Chester*.

When Mr. *Fool* received a Card from Miss *Demirep*, he was reading the mad Epistle his Sister had left behind her.—He inclos'd it in a Letter to Miss. *Demirep*,

mirep, and in which, after he had related Miss *Ninny*'s Elopement, he told her, that Folly and Ingratitude had so much shock'd his Temper, he was not in a Condition fit for Society; that he was determin'd to retire for some Time at least from the World. And as he had several Affairs to settle in *Jamaica*, he wou'd go over to that Island immediately.

Miss *Demirep*, as soon as she had read the Contents, flew to Mr. *Fool*, and made use of every Argument to dissuade him from undertaking so dangerous a Voyage.—But as it sometimes happens, when two Persons of different Religions dispute, the Argumentator, who designs to make the Profelyte, becomes himself a Convert. Thus Mr. *Fool* brought Miss *Demirep* over to his Opinion; she attended him to *Bristol*, and saw him take Shipping for *Port-Royal*.

The Editor, Transcriber, Historian, Journalists, &c. &c. begs Leave to assure the Public, that as Miss *Demirep* was capable of giving the most extraordinary Proofs of Affection to Mr. *Fool*, she did so; secretly contracting with the Captain for her own and Mem

Pinner's

Pinner's Passage, and by a handsome Premium enjoin'd him Secresy.

The very next Day, when the Vessel was going briskly before the Wind, and *Tom Fool* was walking upon the Quarter Deck, the Captain's Boy came to tell him his Master wanted to speak to him in the great Cabbin: We'll leave to the Imagination of the Reader, what his Thoughts must be, when he saw coming forward to meet him, as he enter'd the Room-door, the noble-minded Miss *Demirep*.

N. B. There is now at the Publisher's all the original Letters, which Miss *Demirep* sent to Madam *Vander Doit*, concerning the extraordinary Adventures Mr. *Fool* met with Abroad.

1st. Being drove ashore on the Coast of *Florida*; how they were taken Prisoners by the Cannibals; the effects of Beauty upon Savages; how Mem *Pinner* was married to the King of that Part of the Country, and her Behaviour in high Life.

2^{dly}. The manner in which Mr. *Fool*, and Miss *Demirep*, were entertain'd among the Savages; the deposing of Mem *Pinner*; their own Deliverance
and

and Voyage up the great River *Amazon*; the Difference of Behaviour between an *Indian* and an *European*, their Servants.

3dly. The History of their discovering, in the interior Parts of the Country, the real Kingdom of the *Amazons*; the Reception they met with among them.

4thly. A concise, but candid Account of the Government, Religion, Parties, Elections, Duels, Intrigues, Courts of Judicature, Universities, Theatres, Fashions, and Prize-fightings.

5thly. Mr. *Fool* and Miss *Demirep's* safe Arrival at *Jamaica*, where he found his late Lady's Agent married to his Sister, Miss *Ninny*; Mr. *Borlace* was travelling at the same Time along the Continent, as a Merry-Andrew to a Mounteback.

F I N I S.







UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA



3 0112 042235777